

## THE SATURDAY

## EVENING POST.

DEACON &amp; PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## CHAPTER I.

"Attention!" cried Ludwig, whose stentorian voice, ringing through the whole extent of the tavern, rose above the tumult of the assembled students.

"My friends," said he, "before we separate, our comrade Frederic de Neuberg asks your attention an important communication."

At this name a man, seated in a recess at the end of the spacious room, in comparative solitude at a small table, suddenly started and turned round to gain a better view of the young student thus announced. Frederic de Neuberg was apparently very young. His figure, tall and powerful, was at the same time graceful and elegant. His features, which were of remarkable regularity, bore the impress of a resigned grief and pensive melancholy, that contrasted strangely with the clattering of glasses, the wild tumult and joyous songs around him. He rose, and the others listened in attentive silence—

"Friends and comrades," said he, in a firm voice, "I am glad, when thus surrounded by so many of you, to take this opportunity of asking, if during the few years I have spent in the University, any one has found aught with which to reproach me; and if I have not always conducted myself as a true and loyal student!"

"Always, always!" repeated many voices in chorus.

"As for me, I have one charge to make against him," said Ludwig, in a grave and steady tone.

"What is it?"

"He has mixed water with his wine in my presence; and has never had more than one sweetheart at a time."

This was for a moment a general laugh.

"I must plead guilty to the charge," resumed Frederic, smiling, "nevertheless, I trust it will not greatly diminish your esteem for me. I wished to hear this from your own lips, that I might carry with me, in my departure from the University, the consoling reflection that I leave behind the memory of no fault, of no wrong, for which I failed to make reparation."

These last words elicited a general burst, and numerous questions.

"What is all this?" "Your departure?" "Are you going?" "Why do you leave?"

"Alas! yes; I must leave you, dear comrades. I must try to live elsewhere, since I have no longer the means to live here."

"How is that?"

"It is easily explained. My father, the Baron de Neuberg, who was a brave soldier, had no other means of living than that derived from his pay; my poor mother received her pension as his widow—and since the death of my dear mother!"—here the voice of Frederic trembled in spite of himself—"I have nothing left."

There was a moment of painful silence, as the young men regarded each other. Though their hearts were good, their purses were light; no one spoke.

"I have sought for employment," continued Frederic, in the same tone. "I at first thought that the Government would receive and pay for the services of the son, since it had taken the life of the father. I was deceived. The Minister dismissed me with the harsh reply, that there were already twenty times more applicants than places. I can find no employment in this city; but as I do not intend to live dishonestly or in debt, I am resolved to leave. The world is before me; and it has always employment for brave men. I hope to find the means of living—poorly, without doubt—honestly. Therefore my brave friends, my good comrades, I bid you all adieu; and I wish you more happiness than has yet fallen to the lot of Frederic de Neuberg."

Frederic sat down as he finished these words.

"In faith, my dear Frederic," said Ludwig, breaking the general silence; "if you have all that we wish you, will have nothing more to desire. Unhappily we are all reduced to good wishes. The purse of a student is not that of Fortunatus: it is more frequently empty than full—and mine, confound it, is in this moment just like this bottle—perfectly dry!"

"My dear Ludwig!" Frederic replied, "I never doubted your good will, but I will take no advantage of it; my resolution is formed, I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated many voices.

"To-morrow, at least—I know not. 'Man proposes, God disposes.' The future belongs not to us."

"Who knows, indeed!" replied one of the students. "He may be going to gain an inheritance, and will wake up to-morrow morning—a millionaire."

"Or, he may find the purse of Fortunatus, of which we were just speaking," added another.

"My dear friends! the time of fairies and of talismans is past; but I have read, I know not where, of two, which yet remain to aid us in our search after wealth and happiness; a pure conscience and determined industry—I have both, thank Heaven! and I will always have them; therefore I am not anxious about the future. I hope little, but I fear nothing."

"Bravo! that, however, shall not prevent us drinking again, for the last time, to your health. And I hope that for once, and without disturbing your aquatic habits, you will do us justice. You know that while there remains in the old house of Ludwig one drop in his bottle, one morsel in his cupboard, one whiff in his pipe, he will always be ready to share them with you. So, a fig for sorrow, hurras for joy! and let us

drink with a glad shout, to the health of the traveler."

Saying these words, he emptied the bottle into his glass. The others imitated him, and drank for the last time.

After this toast the young students pressed in turn the hand of Frederic, begged him not to forget them, and went away one after the other. When Frederic was alone, the firmness which had hitherto supported him, now deserted him. He sank upon his chair, and placing his elbows upon the table, and his face in his hands, seemed buried in deep thought.

The man, who had hitherto remained unnoticed in the far end of the hall, now rose without noise, and approached the student. He was a tall, thin, and aged man, enveloped in a large cloak; his features, strongly marked,

had a frank and noble expression. The gray hairs that escaped from his large-brimmed hat, and floated down to his neck; and the thick eyebrows that overshadowed the bright, yet mild eyes beneath, added to the remarkable expression of his face. When Frederic raised his head, his glance was met by that of the stranger, and he involuntarily started. He rose to depart.

"No; you must remain, Frederic de Neuberg," said the old man, taking hold of his arm, "I wish to speak with you."

"With me, sir? Do you know me?" asked Frederic, greatly surprised.

"Without doubt. Be seated. We have still a few moments for conversation, since you do not go till to-morrow."

Frederic regarded him with renewed astonishment.

"May I know, sir, to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"To one of your friends, Frederic; or rather, to one who wishes to become so. If I were to tell you my name, you would certainly not recognize it; therefore it is of little consequence. It is of you and your affairs that I have speak of."

"How, sir, are you jesting with me, and—"

"You are perhaps too easily discouraged. Have you sought assistance from your friends?"

"My friends! I have no friends, excepting a few poor students like myself; and, far from being able to give, they themselves need assistance."

"Ah! well; and I?"

"You are confounding the matter. I know you, and that is sufficient. Tell me, what do you need?"

"Sir, I cannot accept—"

"Listen, Frederic: this is trifling. I offer you my assistance and such influence as I have. It seems to me you can have no good motive for refusing them; for in accepting them, you do not bind yourself to anything. As for my motives, they are very simple. I know your family—I know you. You appear to be an honest and a brave lad. I wish to be useful to you: it is one of those acts of Providence, of which you were lately speaking."

The astonishment of Frederic was even greater than before: but the unknown had evidently gained an ascendancy over him, and he knew not how to reply.

"Let us see," said the old man, attentively regarding him, "we must arrange our preliminaries, and then find what is wanting. If I may believe that said countenance, you have two sources of deep sorrow:—the one is in the purse, the other in the heart."

"Sir!"

"Come; I have conjectured rightly—that you feel a strong and absorbing passion, and you must abandon the chaste object of your love, because you have not wealth. That is doubly sad: and yet, a little money would remedy all, and enable you to remain here. Is it not so?"

"Sir!"

"Well, we will try to find some, but in the meantime, young man, I do not forget that I am speaking to the Baron de Neuberg. I hope that you can avert the object of your love, and that she is worthy of your name."

"Without doubt," replied Frederic, entirely subdued by this strange personage. "Her birth, her beauty, her fortune, not only render her worthy of me, but also—I am not worthy of her!"

"Bravo! that, however, shall not prevent us drinking again, for the last time, to your health. And I hope that for once, and without disturbing your aquatic habits, you will do us justice. You know that while there remains in the old house of Ludwig one drop in his bottle, one morsel in his cupboard, one whiff in his pipe, he will always be ready to share them with you. So, a fig for sorrow, hurras for joy! and let us

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FREDERIC AND THE UNKNOWN.

take this—show it to-morrow to the landlord of the Golden Lion; he will give you lodgings and entertainment in his hotel. Next," continued he, giving him another impression, "take this to the banker Mahlenberg, and demand from him five hundred florins; he will give them to you without difficulty."

"How, sir?"

"Without doubt. Finally,—and this is the most precious—take this." He placed in his hand a small medal, curiously wrought. Frederic looked at it with increasing wonder.—

"You must always carry it about you. Go with it to the house of the Count de Rosenheim; he will receive you as the son of his best friend."

"Sir, you are jesting with me, and—"

The countenance of the old man was so grave and noble, his aspect was at once so benevolent and so proud, that Frederic could not proceed, but remained silent, with his hand open, holding the talisman. At this moment the waiter entered.

"Do the gentlemen want anything more?" he asked.

"Nothing; we are going," said the old man, and he retreated towards the door.

"But, sir," said Frederic, following him.

"Be silent, and adieu! We shall meet again. Above all, do not follow me; I forgo you."

Saying these words, he resumed his portmanteau. The landlord regarded him attentively. Then, little by little, his countenance cleared up, and he also began to laugh at the great surprise of Frederic.

"I know nothing about him," said Frederic, still laughing—I am not at all acquainted with him; but I certainly thought you would know him well. I see I have been the victim of a foolish jest. At all events I sincerely ask your pardon."

Saying these words, he resumed his portmanteau. The landlord regarded him attentively. Then, little by little, his countenance cleared up, and he also began to laugh at the great surprise of Frederic.

"Do after all," he said, putting the impression into his pocket, "it is pleasant enough! The idea is a new one. I am somewhat curious to see how it will end."

These words redounded the surprise of Frederic, who in his turn regarded the host with astonishment.

"You seem to be an honorable young man; and I should be sorry to see any one amusing himself at your expense!"

"Bah!" thought Frederic.

"Perhaps this is the beginning of an adventure, which will end profitably and pleasantly to both of us; and I should be unwilling to interrupt it."

"Indeed!" thought Frederic, in undiminished amazement.

"At all events, if it is a jest—well; I am willing to share it, that is all!"

The landlord rang and a servant appeared.

"It is incredible!" murmured Frederic, absolutely at a loss what to think.

"Conduct this gentleman to No. 15, which is empty, and inform him of the customs and hours of the house. The gentleman will dine at the 'table d'hôte.' Your pardon, sir; will you favor me with your name?"

"Frederic, Baron de Neuberg."

"That is sufficient. Conduct the Baron—"

making a sign to the waiter; then with a polite bow to Frederic, he left the room.

The young student could not master his astonishment. The servant led him to a very pleasant room, handsomely furnished, and told him of the customs and hours of the house. Frederic almost believed he was dreaming.

When alone, he threw himself upon the sofa, and was lost in deep thought. The result of his meditation was this single exclamation, "It is incredible."

The landlord certainly did not know the stranger. He had at first regarded the impression as a mere mockery, and had only gradually yielded to some hidden influence, of which he himself was not aware. But how imagine the existence of such an influence!

The very thought was absurd.

At last, after having again and again traversed his room, Frederic came to the following result: "Either the talisman is real, or it is not. If the landlord has yielded to its power, the banker will do so. But if he has not, the banker, the natural conclusion is, that the landlord gave way only to the excitement of strongly aroused curiosity. It would then be dishonest to take longer advantage of it, and to contract a debt which I have no means of paying. Therefore it is absolutely necessary to try the talisman's influence with the banker without further delay; and if unsuccessful, to depart on the morrow."

He could not conceal from himself that this trial was a more difficult attempt than the former.

He was about to demand five hundred florins, and from a man probably less accessible than the host. Nevertheless, his previous success had emboldened him; and Frederic took his way to the banker with increased confidence.

The banker received him very politely. He was a short, stout man, with a graceful and pleasing address. He asked the reason of his visit.

"What do you wish, my dear sir?" said he,

in a kind and lively voice, but which somewhat embarrassed Frederic by the difficulty of finding a proper reply.

"Sir," said the young man, endeavoring to regain his composure, "I am in want of lodgings, and—"

"Very well, sir."

"Pardon me," interrupted Frederic, "I ought to tell you at once, that I have been sent to you by a person with whom I am well acquainted, for he directed me to hand you to me."

"Sir," said the young man, "I am in want of lodgings, and—"

"Good!" thought the youth, "I have been duped. I must try to get out of the scrape as honorably as possible. 'On my word, I know nothing about it,'" said he, laughing, "I give it to you as I was directed."

The landlord turned upon the young man so penetrating a look that it well nigh disconcerted him, and replied,

"You suppose that I must be well acquainted with him! Pay what kind of person was it that told you to give me this?"

"I know nothing about him," said Frederic, still laughing—I am not at all acquainted with him; but I certainly thought you would know him well. I see I have been the victim of a foolish jest. At all events I sincerely ask your pardon."

Saying these words, he resumed his portmanteau. The landlord regarded him attentively. Then, little by little, his countenance cleared up, and he also began to laugh at the great surprise of Frederic.

"The loss is no great one," said the banker, politely. "I shall be sorry, my dear sir, if this affair puts you to any inconvenience. You have, perhaps, depended upon this sum!"

"On my word, sir, I candidly confess that I have."

"Ah! well, we will arrange the matter. It is to the Baron de Neuberg, is it not, that I have the honor to speak?"

"Yes, sir," said Frederic, unable to divine the aim of this question.

"Very well, Baron; I flatter myself that this little affair may be the beginning of an acquaintance, useful and agreeable to both of us. Your name is sufficient guarantee; besides, the sum is but a small one; I shall not need to put in your hands the five hundred florins."

Frederic did not reply. The banker opened his desk, and counted out the money to him with much good humor and politeness, and afterwards conducted him to the door.</p

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

*All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly  
for it, and it alone. It is not a mere  
Reprint of a Daily Paper.*

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## PROSPECTUS.

*For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:**WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CAREY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE DWYER, THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," THE AUTHOR OF "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.**We are now engaged in publishing the following series, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—*

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## FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

*Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.*

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## A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

*By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Land of the Wildernes," &c., &c.**In addition to our original novels, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL RETICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PROSPECT AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*In consequence of the absence for a short period of our Assistant Editor, we are compelled to delay the examination of numerous manuscripts. Our correspondents therefore will please have a little patience.*

## THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

*As neither Grace Greenwood's nor Mr. Duganne's story is quite completed yet, we have concluded to fill up the interval by the publication of the capital story of "THE UNKNOWN FRIEND." The illustrations for this story have been drawn by Mr. White, one of the best artists in this city, and the engravings executed by a firm whose name is a guarantee of their excellent workmanship.*

## FINANCIAL PANIC.

*The news comes from New York and Boston, that the Banks of those cities have resolved to increase their discounts, beginning with an increase of three millions of dollars in each city. It is good news—but calculated to engender a very unfavorable opinion of the recent course of the New York City banks. For how have circumstances altered, save for the worse, since they resolved upon that rapid withdrawal of some fifteen millions of dollars from the hands of the business community? Not wishing to think ill of our neighbors, and supposing that some good reason might be visible to the initiated, that those outside of the walls of the Banks could not perceive, we took it for granted that nothing but the dire necessity had prompted the stringent measures they had adopted. But, having adopted those measures, having broken many substantial merchants in their own city and in this, by the panic-creating suddenness of their movements; having further caused the suspension of the Banks of this and other States, as a consequence of the universal distrust and alarm—they now say, in fact, by their action, "Gentlemen, we have been deceived as to the extent of the danger, and shall therefore proceed to retract our steps."**Two weeks ago, we said in the course of an article relative to the present financial difficulties:—**We confess, for our own part, that we do not clearly understand the nature of the crisis which seems so suddenly to have come upon the Banks of New York. Certainly it betokens no great amount of financial sagacity on their part, to be caught entirely unprepared by such a tempest. And if they were aware of the storm approaching, why did they wait till the very last moment before they began to take in sail, and then warn the community of their danger?**Now, we must be allowed to express our growing conviction, that no crisis, at all commensurate with their action, had come upon the Banks of New York—that no adequate reason existed for the rapid contraction of their loans, which was the immediate cause of the present financial convulsion.**The New York Tribune, while admitting the groundlessness of the present panic, lays the blame at the door of the stock gamblers in that city. It says:—**That there existed abundant reasons for cessation and reduction of business, that a portion of our business men were insolvent, we do not deny. We have, from time to time, inserted in these columns notes of warning on that subject. But there has been no day for the last six months that there has not existed just as much reason for reduction and curtailment as at this moment. Nor had anything occurred which could in the least justify the perfect frenzy of alarm into which, first this city, and soon after the whole country, has been thrown.**The Michigan Southern Railroad stopped payment on a floating debt of a million or two of dollars, and the Ohio Life and Trust Company, having advanced largely on the securities of that road, and never, as it would seem, having had any real capital employed in New York, was also obliged to stop. But surely the bondholders and creditors of this country does not stand on a frail foundation that two or three failures, involving an amount of a few millions, can afford any rational ground for discrediting every stock, and calling in question the solvency of the entire commercial body? And it is a remarkable thing that this panic, by which the business of the country has been so disastrously interrupted, did not originate in what may be called the regular course of commercial business. The regular course of commercial business afforded no occasion for it. There was no sudden nor unusual call from abroad to pay up debts, and it is a remarkable fact, contrary to the course of things when the crisis has been less a panic than a real commercial revival, that the same proportion that the terror has spread, remit abroad has stopped. There was no fall of remittances from the country, no disinclination to purchase, and no general fall of prices, which are almost the inevitable premonition of a commercial catastrophe based on actual losses of capital. The present panic had its origin solely and exclusively with that nest of gamblers, the Brokers' Board. It went on for some days in that locality, without attracting much attention from the merchants. It was only when the stock gamblers, seized with fright, had frightened the bankers into refusing loans upon pledges of stock, that the panic began to spread, till in a short time it reached an intense height, and remained before the Stock Board where the fright originated to remain in as panic stricken a condition as ever. But whatever may be the case with stocks, the merchants of this city have given in the last four weeks pretty strong evidence of not being entirely worthless.**The Michigan Southern Railroad stopped payment on a floating debt of a million or two of dollars, and the Ohio Life and Trust Company, having advanced largely on the securities of that road, and never, as it would seem, having had any real capital employed in New York, was also obliged to stop. 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But whatever may be the case with stocks, the merchants of this city have given in the last four weeks pretty strong evidence of not being entirely worthless.**Thus, starting in 1850 with \$160,000,000 of gold and silver coin, we have increased it during the last seven to eight years over \$290,000,000—making a present coinage of \$290,345,541. Contrast that amount with the \$70,000,000 of coin which was all we owned in the great convolution of 1857; and see what a basis we stand on now, compared to what we stood on then. Bewe in mind further, that we are now exporting breadstuffs, while in 1857 we were importing them. And further, that already the flow of specie into this country has commenced from Europe. Is this a state of affairs to warrant the crippling of trade and commerce, by the sudden withdrawal of an immense amount of active capital? We think not.**We are disposed therefore to believe, in opposition to our first impressions, that the present monetary difficulties are not so much the result of over-trading and over-speculation—though there has been far too much of both—as of an unwise and panic-creating course on the part of the banks of New York city. That a gradual contraction of their loans, to a reasonable amount, would have placed them in a fairer situation than they now are, without seriously crippling the great and genuine business interests of the country. And that, were it not for the undermining of confidence which they have themselves brought about, they could at once set to work to repair their false step by a judicious expansion of their loans to somewhere near the old limit. But the confidence of the community has received a terrible shock; and to aid in restoring that confidence, by showing that to a great degree we have been laboring under the effects of a more monetary panic—originating where the community could least have expected it—has been our purpose in the present article. With returning Confidence the Banks will be able gradually to restore that capital to business pursuits, the sudden withdrawal of which has paralyzed the community, and Trade and Commerce begin once more to move on in their beneficent channels. And we trust that the New York financiers will learn from the present calamity two important lessons.—First, never to wade into the waters of credit beyond their depth; and, secondly, if they do, not to think they can best save themselves, and those who have followed them into the deep places, by getting into a panic and flurry.**WAGES.**Every workman, who now receives his wages in currency instead of gold and silver, has those wages reduced from four to five per cent, as surely as though his employer had agreed to give him only ninety-five or ninety-six cents for a dollar.—*Public Ledger.***Granted, but is it not better for the working men to receive ninety-five cents in the dollar, than to receive no wages at all? If the present state of things continues—and if the Banks are forced still further to contract their loans (as our contemporary recommends) they will give worse instead of better—two-thirds of our operatives and mechanics will be thrown out of employment this fall and winter, from the positive incapacity of their employers to go on with their business. As to the currency in which workmen will be paid, it will be always as good as that which their employers will have to take for the products of their labor—and, in many cases, as much better as Eastern is better than Western money. We think it bad management to get into the shoal water, as much as anybody; but, having got there, is it not try to save the boat over the breakers, rather than try to save her through, without regard to the consequences?**WHILE the banks were declaring good dividends, stockholders were satisfied, without inquiring the sources of per centage. They were hurried on by the same current that swept over the whole country, and are no more answerable than the millions of men in the north and south, east and west, who consigned their fortunes upon its swift surface.**The above doubtless is partially true, but not entirely so. It is difficult for an individual always to tell the financial condition of the country, because he does not know what the Banks are really doing. But the officers of the leading Banks should be men who understand financial causes and effects—who keep themselves fully posted as to the condition of our imports and exports, alike of merchandise, produce and species—and who can foresee a storm at least three months ahead, and regulate their issues and loans accordingly. The Banks, in fact, owe it to their position, to be the guardians of the great financial interests of the country—and it shows either a culpable ignorance or remissness on their part, not to be able to perceive the indications, or seeing, not to forewarn the community in time, of a coming storm.**A RETURN TO REASON.—One fact alone would almost serve to prove that India has been governed by her English rulers with systematic folly. The British soldiers, and even the native troops, heretofore, have almost universally been dressed in the heavy cloth uniforms which the former wore when on service at home—decked out in jacket and pantaloons of light material dyed mud-color, similar to the dress worn by the Goorkhas, who can scarcely be distinguished at a short distance. The Fusiliers wear light gray pantaloons and shirt sleeves. The Carabiniers alone wear cloth jackets, with a thermometer in the tent at 120, and in the sun at 140!**of the precious metals during the last seven and a half years:—*

PORTAGE	EXPORTS
\$28,947,28 50	\$ 2,94,302
65,288,889 50	24,019,160
57,545,397 50	27,169,001
64,394,477 94	32,355,462
60,713,963 47	34,426,713
44,060,302 93	52,557,231
64,393,463 90	41,527,352
58,704,782 00	69,940,133
857, (8 mos.) 99,794,782 00	89,940,133
\$415,206,717 76	\$98,581,176
365,061,176 00 deduc exports.	
\$109,151,311 76 excess coinage.	
100,000,000 add total coinage before '50	
\$29,345,541 74 now in country.	

*Thus, starting in 1850 with \$160,000,000 of gold and silver coin, we have increased it during the last seven to eight years over \$290,000,000—making a present coinage of \$290,345,541. Contrast that amount with the \$70,000,000 of coin which was all we owned in the great convolution of 1857; and see what a basis we stand on now, compared to what we stood on then. Bewe in mind further, that we are now exporting breadstuffs, while in 1857 we were importing them. And further, that already the flow of specie into this country has commenced from Europe. Is this a state of affairs to warrant the crippling of trade and commerce, by the sudden withdrawal of an immense amount of active capital? We think not.**So much for vile Fiction—but vile Fiction alone is not chargeable with the increase of crime. Of late years, in violation of the long-established custom of the so-called "respectable" press of the country, certain leading papers of wide circulation, have been in the habit of publishing vile facts of the most polluting kind. Details of the most filthy and corrupting character are constantly introduced into virtuous families, on the plea that they are facts. But why is a corrupting fact any less corrupting than a corrupting fiction? Can the moral filth of a great city be poured into the minds of men and women—to say nothing of children—without defiling them? No pure-minded man, we will venture to say, ever perused the testimony given on the trial of such cases as the Forrest or Mrs. Cunningham case, without feeling that he had soiled his soul by so doing. And yet this filthy stuff is spread by "moral" and "religious" people before their innocent sons and daughters!**And why do they do it? Because they themselves love the filthy flavor of these narrations—and excuse themselves for what they know is wrong, by some silly plea or other, based upon the view that this filth and corruption are Real or Fictitious. As if they were not all the worse in their influence for being Real.**And why do the newspapers referred to publish such accounts? Because they find it increases their circulation. The Higher Law Moralists hear that the Lower-Law Sewers have sold so many thousand copies of the numbers containing the last celebrated "divorce case."**It knows that its own circulation has decreased considerably in the same period; and, putting the two things together, it sees that the Sewer is gaining because it is a sewer. Therefore—not to tickle a filthy palate at all, but on high moral considerations—it also commences the publication of similar trials; reporting them at length, with a fullness of detail extending even to the complete biographies of the parties involved, if the case be one of peculiar atrocity and filthiness, and the biographies in question equally atrocious and filthy. And then the "moral" and "religious" public begin to patronize the Moralists in preference to the Sewer. They were a little ashamed to be seen reading such stuff in the Sewer, but it can now peruse it openly and publicly, that it is printed in the "Moralist."**Yes, here is the answer, Mr. Moralist, to your pressing inquiries as to the cause of the great increase of crime—YOU ARE THE CAUSE.**You are as responsible—yes, more responsible, than any other paper we know of. You begin this practice, so far as the "respectable" press are concerned; and your success with the "moral" and "religious" community, is doing much to force all the other "respectable" papers into an imitation of your example.**The other papers have not "the news," say the "moral" and "religious" people aforesaid—and so they forsake them, and patronize you, because you have the "news" their filthy appetites crave.**Will you please consider the above facts, Mr. Moralist? The next time you are declaiming against a "yellow covered literature," and priding yourself that you are not as other papers are. We have never read more dangerous literature than the police reports in your columns. Courts of justice are necessary, and so are certain other places—but well-behaved people do not bring the filth of the sewer into their parlors, nor dabble in it as if they loved it.**In conclusion we may say, that both Fiction and Fact are to be judged by their character. When they tend to Purity, to Truth, to Holiness of Mind they are to be alike commended. But when they tend to Corruption and Vice and Crime they are to be alike censured.**In the management of our own paper, we always exercise as careful a supervision over the news as over the literary departments. Striving to bear in mind continually, that a paper intended for the family circle, should contain nothing calculated in the least to blemish and corrupt.**A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.—We published the other day a mode of preventing horses from shying when riding them, by simply fixing the eyes on some post, tree, &c., on the opposite side of the road, and holding the reins firmly and steadily, when approaching and passing a doubtful object. Two ladies of our acquaintance say that they have tried it, and that the effect is magical. One lady said she would rather have given ten dollars than not have known it. As the Post only costs two dollars a year, here was a positive gain to her of eight dollars. We regret to say, however, that—as is usual in such cases, and they are very frequent—she did not hand over the balance of the money. We do not mean this for a hint, of course.**A RETURN TO REASON.—One fact alone would almost serve to prove that India has been governed by her English rulers with systematic folly. The British soldiers, and even the native troops, heretofore, have almost universally been dressed in the heavy cloth uniforms which the former wore when on service at home—decked out in jacket and pantaloons of light material dyed mud-color, similar to the dress worn by the Goorkhas, who can scarcely be distinguished at a short distance. The Fusiliers wear light gray pantaloons and shirt sleeves. The Carabiniers alone wear cloth jackets, with a thermometer in the tent at 120, and in the sun at 140!**WHILE the banks were declaring good dividends, stockholders were satisfied, without inquiring the sources of per centage. They were hurried on by the same current that swept over the whole country, and are no more answerable than the millions of men in the north and south, east and west, who consigned their fortunes upon its swift surface.**The above doubtless is partially true, but not entirely so. It is difficult for an individual always to tell the financial condition of the country, because he does not know what the Banks are really doing. But the officers of the leading Banks should be men who understand financial causes and effects—who keep themselves fully posted as to the condition of our imports and exports, alike of merchandise, produce and species—and who can foresee a storm at least three months ahead, and regulate their issues and loans accordingly. The Banks, in fact, owe it to their position, to be the guardians of the great financial interests of the country—and it shows either a culpable ignorance or remissness on their part, not to be able to perceive the indications, or seeing, not to forewarn the community in time, of a coming storm.**A RETURN TO REASON.—One fact alone would almost serve to prove that India has been governed by her English*

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

## THE KINDERGARTEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

London, Sept. 18, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your readers may remember that we left our little friends of the London Kindergarten preparing to amuse themselves with their favorite occupation of modelling in *terra cotta*; the class comprising nearly the whole school, only the very little ones being excused.

They were soon in place, and busy in moulding, with their active little fingers, flowers, fruit, dishes of meat or fish, human figures, casts, hats, furniture, candlesticks, books, shoes, sheep, rabbits, birds, in fact every thing that came into their heads.

For this work they sit in rows at long tables, each child provided with a lump of the ready-moistened clay. When they have moulded an object which they wish to keep, they give it to Dr. Ronge, who puts it away in the collection already formed. The unsuccessful attempts are broken up, and remolded, thus serving over and over again.

Those who associate only the idea of destruction with the restless little hands that do so much mischief for lack of having anything better within the compass of their activity, would be amazed to see how patiently and intently the children worked at this pretty and instructive pastime, and how promptly and carefully they passed their productions to us for inspection when any one was finished. One little fellow made a bird, while we were looking on, and was so elated by his success that he insisted on placing it on a branch of a fine young fir tree, growing in a tub in one of the school-rooms, as the only appropriate pedestal for "such a beautiful creature." So on the branch it was placed, to the great admiration of the rest of the children.

"It's better than making dirt-pies!" I remarked to a little modeller who had smeared herself all over with clay, in the zeal with which she pursued her self-imposed task of making a bouquet in a bouquet-holder. She looked up and laughed, as though she quite agreed with me, but was too absorbed to reply; but half-a-dozen merry little voices shouted, "Yes, indeed it is; much better and much prettier! and we keep the things when we like to!" Gutta percha is also used by them, and is found to answer very well; but it is more difficult to work than the clay, and can only be used by the elder children.

Many of the objects moulded by these children—some of whom were imitating real leaves that they had gathered for the purpose, but most of whom were working from memory—were so skillfully and tastefully done, that had we not seen them made, we could not have believed them to be the work of such little people. Dr. Ronge remarked that, of all the exercises of the Kindergarten, this modelling was the one which they seemed to like the best; and that so entranced would they become in this occupation, that they would sit at it for hours without moving, if not forced from it by their teachers. Various plans, as yet unsuccessful, have been devised by Dr. R. for baking the best of the modellings; the children being very much interested in them, and being disappointed when they got broken, as they do inevitably, owing to the crumbling nature of the unbaked clay. One of our party suggested that these figures might probably be successfully baked in a common crucible; and the experiment was to be tried forthwith by the amiable professor, and will no doubt be a matter of great interest to the children.

Wishing to show us some of the exercises devised for the pupils under the name of Musical Gymnastics, Dr. Ronge now summoned the little modellers to leave the clay and prepare for a "dance." But though they are extremely fond of these dances, the fascination of the clay seemed well-nigh irresistible, and Dr. Ronge was obliged to call to them several times, and in a manner which showed them that they really must attend to the summons, before they could be got from the tables, and induced to exchange their sedentary occupation for one of a livelier character.

Leaving the modelling room in the wake of the children, we went back into the other, whence the spelling-tables of the very little ones had been quickly rolled back to the sides of the room, in whose centre the little spellers had already taken their places to the merry music. Dr. Ronge was bringing out at the piano.

The older children now took up their positions outside the other ones; and the dancing and singing that now ensued, big and little ones all together, was one of the prettiest things I ever saw. Their songs are all descriptive; their movements being rather pantomimic, than of the class usually understood as making up the elements of a "dissine." Not that "steps" and waltzing, and schottische movements, &c., were wanting; but these only occurred in certain places. Sometimes they danced in a round, all holding hands; then they parted into little groups, and marched, stamped, jumped, or pirouetted, as best suited the action to be represented; then again they paired off in twos, and waltzed merrily round, falling into their old places as one verse ended, and another began. However reluctant they may have been to quit their last avocation, it was evident that once in place, their whole hearts were in their dance; and so merry and joyous were they all that you could not help joining in their contagious merriment, and laughing too, as they whirled round in their fun and frolic. Some of the very young ones grew so wild in their mirthful excitement, that the teachers had enough to do to keep them gently within bounds. One little mite of a girl, about two and a half, with large bright eyes, and the liveliest flaxen curls, who had amused us not a little with the quiet dignity of her proceedings in the spelling class, and the determined way in which she had resented and repelled the uncircumstantial kisses of another, who had presumed on her additional twelvemonth, and had come up suddenly behind Little Flaxen as she sat enthroned in her little chair, and had thrown her arms round the pretty little doll-like creature—wrote almost beside herself with laughter and fun. She sang as gaily as any of them, and her plump little legs and arms, and her ringling curls, seemed to be electrified, with such spirit and vigor did she caper about among

her mates. But in all the exuberance of her glee, she kept right in her singing; and as to the figures, one of the teachers, afraid lest the little pet should trip herself up under the feet of the bigger ones, contrived, not without some difficulty, to keep hold on one little hand through the greater part of the dances.

To give an idea of the sort of thing danced by the children, let it be understood that the first song was called "The Peasants' Song." First of all, they danced around, singing,

Would you know how 'tis the peasant,  
Would you know how 'tis the peasant,  
Would you know how 'tis the peasant,  
Sows his barley and wheat?

Then, standing still, though swaying a little to keep time to the music, they all scatter imaginary seed from their aprons, or from imaginary baskets, as they sing,

Look! 'tis so does the peasant,  
Look! 'tis so does the peasant,  
Look! 'tis so does the peasant,  
Sows his barley and wheat!

A merry chorus of *la, la, la* carries them through another circle, which they dance with joined hands. The succeeding verses, by a change of the word "now" for "reap," "trash," "sift," &c., accompanied by a corresponding change of pantomime, take them through a mimic representation of the harvest labors, and the last verse concludes with a representation of the dances and rejoicings of the harvest-home.

Then we had "The Song of the Ship," giving in like manner the weighing of the anchor, the unfurling of the sails, the coming of a storm, &c., a very pretty pantomime, with a graceful swaying movement in the chorus, performed two and two, and representing the undulating movement of the waves. After this, we had "The Basket Song," "The Clap-song," the "Fisherman's Song," and a remarkably pretty "Flower Song," each verse describing some flower, and the children meantime gathering, and making up, imaginary nosegays.

One of the prettiest of them all was called "The Pigeon-House," and gave a representation of those birds. The very little ones formed a group in the centre, the taller ones forming a circle outside, for the "Pigeon house;" at each verse, the little birds in the centre, ran out under the arms of two of the outer ones—which arms were considered to represent the door—and rushed out across the room, and out at the open Italian windows into the garden, with a set of cries supposed to imitate the cry of the pigeon, and flapping their hands up and down, to imitate the motion of wings; all singing with the utmost glee as they darted out, and darting back into the room, and under the uplifted arms into the centre as before, to represent the flight of pigeons coming back from their foraging excursions over the fields.

The variety of subjects that may thus be brought home to the thoughts, comprehension, and sympathies of the children is very great. Already they have songs in which they personate bells, basket weavers, sawyers, ploughmen, butterflies, bees, players at ball, and other sports. In one, an extremely ingenious affair, the children holding ribbons that represent the group in shape, represent the stars circling through the sky, and, in the centre of these, the planets of the solar system moving round the sun.

In all this movement and frolic, the little creatures sang and gesticulated in perfect time to the playing of Mme. Ronge, at the piano. The movements in many of these singing and dancing exercises are extremely graceful; and all are specially devised with a view to the due exercise of those 400 pairs of muscles, which the human frame possesses, but of which the greater part too often lie dormant, and become diseased or atrophied in the ordinary school-room. Many of these charming compositions are written and composed by Froebel; others are due to the zeal, talent, and graceful fancy of Madame Ronge.

So much for the indoor department; the garden itself, as will readily be understood, offers an immense number of additional facilities for developing the physical health, the activities, and intellect of the children, who all have plots of their own, and are thus indoctrinated into a host of useful "knowledges," by their teachers. Where, as is still the case in Tavistock Place, the resources of the school have not yet allowed of the laying out and stocking of a garden, the piece of ground serves at least as an excellent play-place, in which a number of the exercises are advantageously performed.

From this brief account of a system susceptible of all the developments that the skill and tact of the teacher can desire, it will be seen that Froebel's aim has been to surround the child with stimuli to thought and exertion in harmony with the deeds and instinctive tendencies of its age. All violence is carefully shut away; positive ideas and convictions are alone inculcated; and instead of forbidding what is wrong, the very thought of wrongness and falsehood is excluded, as far as possible, by the direct inculcation of the True and the Right. The aim of the Kindergarten is to develop the ideas of construction and of form; to create habits of industry, carefulness, and correctness of detail; appealing constantly to the mind and heart through the senses, no books being used in these early days of training, but conversations going on between teacher and pupils in which they are drawn on to ask questions, and in this way acquire a great amount of information on all subjects within their grasp, while amusing themselves to their hearts' content in so doing. Thus the first years of infant life are filled with happy and instructive amusement; the children being so entranced with their existence in these novel schools, that they can hardly be got to go to their homes when the time for closing arrives.

The children who attend the school in Tavistock Place are of the humbler walks of life, and pay from thirty-six cents to half-a-dollar, weekly, without any extra charge; all the "gifts" used by them being presented to them, successively, by the principals. A Kindergarten, established by Mme. Ronge, in another and more fashionable quarter of London, for the reception of a little band of children of certain aristocratic families who wished to have such a school for their own little people, only in operation for about eighteen months, and with the happiest results; although the restrictions under which such children are kept at home, where they are always being *arri-*

*gized* by governesses and housemaids, whose business seems to be rather to check than to guide the promptings of Nature, rendered the work of harmonic training more difficult than that of the children of less pretentious homes.

After passing the morning in the contemplation of the doings of the happy little band I have been describing, our visit was brought to a close by the dismissal of the children, at the usual hour of half past twelve; and we had thus an opportunity of judging, from the reluctance of the little creatures to go away, how punctually and joyously they might be expected to make their reappearance on the reopening of the school in the afternoon.

"One would suppose them to be always at play," remarked one of the visitors, as we were taking our departure.

"They are always happy," replied Mme. Ronge; "we never resort to corporal punishment;

the threat of turning them out of the school is always sufficient to bring any little refractory spirit to reason. They rarely quarrel;

soon acquire a sense of truthfulness and habits of order, and of kindness among themselves such as you hardly ever see among other children; and readily become so good, so intelligent, so ingenuous, and so lovable, that I am sure no young mother or teacher could go through the invaluable discipline of our Training School for Mothers and Teachers, without loving little children from the bottom of her heart."

QUANTAM.

## THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE TESTED.

The testimony as to this new plant is somewhat contradictory—though generally so far, in its favor. We quote the following:—"The Charleston Courier of the 12th instant, contains the following:—We are indebted to the pencil of Capt. A. Rouniat, proprietor of the well-known manufactory of confectionery in King street, in this city, for the results of a trial which he has given to the Sugro cane, for the purpose of testing its possibility of crystallization. Captain R. procured 300 cans from the farm of Thos. H. Deas, which, after being properly crushed, produced 21 gallons of juice. This juice, after boiling and evaporation, yielded three gallons and three quarts of syrup. He then boiled it to the granulating point, but the syrup refused to granulate; it was rather inclined to burn. The experiment was made under Captain Rouniat's own eye, and the cause was taken that it might be successful."

A Philadelphia paper says:—"We were shown, on Saturday last, some very fine, thick, heavy molasses made from the juice of Chinese sugar cane, with one of Hedges' mills, from twelve stalks of cane, grown on the grounds of Judge Strand, near the Girard College. From these stalks, two gallons of juice were obtained, which, on boiling, produced three pints of as thick molasses as we have ever seen."

The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"We have seen molasses, nearly the quality of sugar house, made by Mr. Harford, of Morrow, Warren county, which seems to prove that Ohio, can make its own molasses as well as sugar. Only thirteen stalks were crushed, which produced over a quart of good syrup. Now thirteen stalks of sugar millet can be raised on each twelve square feet. This would give 900 gallons to the acre. Others have made similar experiments, and calculated the produce to be from 400 to 600 gallons per acre. Supposing that 400 gallons are raised, at 30 cents per gallon. This gives \$120 per acre, which will pay more profit than any crop raised by this State. This experiment has been made by so many persons, that we consider the question settled in regard to molasses. As to sugar, we shall wait the result of experiments, but wait in confidence of success."

A correspondent of the New York Post, sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce, and is worth in the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon, according to quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will yield a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

"The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform and medical extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop forty-five cents a gallon. Cuba molasses selling at sixty-two cents a gallon.

A Louisiana correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer says, the Imphee does not prove near as profitable as the old sugar cane. There is much more labor in cutting and preparing for the mill, as compared with the sugar cane, it being very difficult to digest its leaves. It also takes more wood to boil it. In one experiment in sugar cane and the Imphee, the yield was, in the former, three thousand pounds of sugar, and one hundred and eighty gallons molasses per acre, while the Imphee gave at the rate of sixty gallons of syrup to the acre, and no sugar.

The children who attend the school in Tavistock Place are of the humbler walks of life, and pay from thirty-six cents to half-a-dollar, weekly, without any extra charge; all the "gifts" used by them being presented to them, successively, by the principals. A Kindergarten, established by Mme. Ronge, in another and more fashionable quarter of London, for the reception of a little band of children of certain aristocratic families who wished to have such a school for their own little people, only in operation for about eighteen months, and with the happiest results; although the restrictions under which such children are kept at home, where they are always being *arri-*

## PREVIOUS BANK SUSPENSIONS.

The first general suspension of the banks of this country was in 1814, during the period of the war with Great Britain, and was immediately produced by the measures of government necessary to prosecute that war with advantage. This suspension, by depreciating the exchangeable value of bank-notes, caused specie to disappear rapidly, as individuals invariably hoard that which is the most valuable. There followed immediately a most pestiferous crop of irredeemable paper, issued by private bankers and by individuals, and commonly known as "shin-plasters." As there was no law upon the issue of this kind of paper increased to an unlimited extent, until its credit was entirely broken down. The losses of the community were very large, for probably not one half of it was ever redeemed. The notes of the banks suffered, during the entire period, a depreciation of nearly one-fifth of their nominal value.

Contraction being forced upon the banks, either much suffering in the business community and numerous failures, specie payments were resumed in 1817, but the process of liquidating indebtedness continued for several years thereafter, without much alleviation, and business suffered immensely by this general unsettlement of prices. The community finally got to the bottom of the evil. Means were gradually called in, debts paid off, and business was re-established. Labor properly applied restored a feeling of security, and with security came the tendency to launch out again into speculations and hazardous enterprises. Bank credit was again the means for the bold and enterprising to carry out their plans of profit by speculative projects, and the abuse of these means ended in the same disasters which twenty years before afflicted the country.

The indications of the coming crisis preceded the storm a year or two, and the General Government, to check the excess and abuse of credit, issued its famous "specie circular," requiring coin to be paid for public lands. This excellent measure did not, however, avert the storm, the evil had been too long accumulating. A load of debt had to be wiped off, and in the process the banks were obliged to suspend.

Suspension commenced with the New York Banks on the 10th of May, 1837, and was announced as follows:

"At a meeting of all the banks of this city, it was decided that, under existing circumstances, it is expedient to suspend specie payments. In the meantime the notes of all the banks will be received at the different banks as usual in payment of debts and on deposit, and as the indebtedness of the community to the banks exceeds three times the amount of their liabilities to the public, it is hoped and expected that the notes of the different banks will pass current as usual, and that the state of the times will soon be such as to render the resumption of specie payments practicable."

This suspension, which was speedily followed by all the banks of the country, was attributed at the time, in the party papers, to the schemes of politicians and bank advocates to get the Government to re-establish the United States Bank, which Congress had refused to recharter.

Whatever may have been the party schemes and wishes at the time, the real cause of the suspension was the abuse of credit. The famous Bankrupt Law which followed during the subsequent period of disaster, (lasting four or five years before the banks recovered fully from its effects) wiped out four hundred millions of debt, as was estimated at that time, so deeply had the business of the country been involved by the speculations of the day created by the previous bank inflations. Various measures were adopted to alleviate the distresses of the people into which these follies causing suspension had plunged them. Every municipal corporation issued its promises to pay to supply a currency in the absence of gold," which the abundance of this paper caused to keep gold hidden. Loan companies were established to furnish the people with printed pieces of paper, promising to pay sums from five dollars down to five cents, which promises it is needless to say were never redeemed. The measures of relief resorted to only aggravated the difficulties. The issues of the loan companies being based upon nothing, soon lost public confidence, and the last holders never realized the first cent in the way of redemption. Congress was called upon for aid, but it refused to repeat the specie circular; President Van Buren recommended at that time the present Sub-Treasury law, which divorced the Government from the banks and keeps it above the vicissitudes of their fluctuations.

In August 1838, the banks made a premature effort to resume, but broke down in October 1839, by the U. S. Bank suddenly stopping payment. The Legislature required the banks to resume in January 1841, but in three weeks' time the Bank of the United States again suspended, and ultimately proved insolvent. The other banks partially suspended, when the Legislature came to their aid and authorized the "Relief" measures which released the banks from the penalties of a suspension, and authorized them to loan the State \$3,000,000, in payment of the loan their own notes for less denominations than five dollars, to which last named amount they had previously been restricted. The Relief issue continued to be the currency for some years after, but gradually they went out of circulation, and as the banks strengthened themselves a general resumption of specie payments was gradually effected, though not without another breaking down in 1842, begun by the Girard Bank and the Bank of Pennsylvania, and not without a Legislative act requiring the banks to resume forthwith, which those who did not accept the "Relief" law complied with.

Since that time we have been sailing on, subject to occasional fluctuations, but ending in the excessive inflation which has produced the present explosion.—*Public Ledger.*

—*The Aldgate Church*, in London, has a fund, bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase fagots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics. Some centuries are now past, and the supply so far exceeds the demand that there is no more room for storing away the abundant fagots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

## WHY THE TELEGRAPH CABLE BROKE.

At the recent meeting of the British Scientific Association, Captain Blaikley submitted "A Mathematical Investigation of the Propagation between the Length required for an Electric Telegraph Cable and its Specific Gravity."

The author showed, by the principles of the composition of motion, that as a telegraph wire was payed out from a ship, the velocity which gravity would give it would soon become uniform by the resistance of the water as its parts descended; therefore, the descending part of the cable from the advancing ship to the part of the cable which had reached and was supported upon the bottom, in very deep water, may two miles or more, might stretch back six or more miles from the ship. Now, unless a great strain were kept on the braid in the ship where the cable was payed out, a strain which in the case of the Atlantic cable had caused it to part, it was obvious from this demonstration that there must always be what the sailor termed "slack" in the cable when it reached the bottom. The losses of the community were very large, for probably not one half of it was ever redeemed. The notes of the banks suffered, during the entire period, a depreciation of nearly one-fifth of their nominal value.

Contriction being forced upon the banks, either much suffering in the business community and numerous failures, specie payments were resumed in 1817, but the process of liquidating indebtedness continued for several years thereafter, without much alleviation, and business suffered immensely by this general unsettlement of prices. The community finally got to the bottom of the evil. Means were gradually called in, debts paid off, and business was re-established. Labor properly applied restored a feeling of security, and with security came the tendency to launch out again into speculations and hazardous enterprises. Bank credit was again the means for the bold and enterprising to carry out their plans of profit by speculative projects, and the abuse of these means ended in the same disasters which twenty years before afflicted the country.

## VERSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

I mourned that life so often crossed my will,  
That fear of God and wish to do the right,  
Not always brought me sympathy, until  
Success had made my future sure and bright;  
What's in the good would gather to my side,  
For the first time calming, nor then see  
My errors, my deep selfishness and pride,  
My want of love and sweet humility.

I wept that I could no high motives find,  
Supplied alone from pure affection's soil;  
To comfort me and strengthen I must bind  
My soul to have unyielding pathos toil;  
Work without words of love—these came at last,  
But in my need they o'er me not, nor were they  
Praise that my work was worthy, but the blast  
Of triumph that my strength had gained the day.

The clinging of the weak unto the strong,  
Of vacillation to determined will,  
Brought many friends, but deep I felt the wrong.  
When those who, as I panted up the hill,  
Their dainty gaze averted, or drew nigh  
Only to hinder and distress, new name,  
Offering the falsehood of a sympathy

With my success bursting into flame.

And soon rage and hate grew in my soul,  
My soul that had been loving, that had grieved  
For human friendship, as it were the whole  
Of life, now turned within and coldly lived  
Unloving, unforgiving; ready yet  
To help, to give the outward need aid,  
But for affection! I could not forget  
How long its gifts to me had been delayed—

While I had nurtured and matured my soul,  
Complaining not, and coldly smiling still  
On all who gathered smiling to my side,  
The loving or the selfish, while no thrill  
Offering woke within me—but at last

My soul grew sad and mourned the evil done  
Unto itself, thus cherishing the past  
So gloomily, by God's great love unswon.

Gradual within me woke a higher life,  
Higher, yet finer, a refined sense  
Of love, more sweetly bushed in the strife,  
And kindled impatience to glow subdued, intense.

On wings with the universal heart,  
Joining the tide of human sympathy,  
Yet holding still a blessed life apart  
I learned this lesson which I teach to thee.

Believe that 'tis more blessed, ay, to give  
Than to receive! give love, give needed aid,  
But ask them not, work, work, and thou shalt live!  
If the world need them be thou not afraid,  
And if thy work be worthy, but rely

Upon thyself, and wonder not nor grieve,

If that the world should coldly pass thee by,  
And wait 'till needs not its aid to give.

And wonder not that thou shouldest hindrance find  
To a good work among the good, but know  
That few are wholly of thy kind:

The most will wait their favor to bestow  
Till the full tide of popular applause

Is thin, not wicked are they, only weak

And selfish, they will rally in thy cause,

But with it their own furtherance must seek.

And pity, not contempt, must ever be

The heart's reply, and selfishness be met

With a forgiving love, and thus to thee

The tide of human love shall sweetly set;

Supplying those less noble and less strong,

They may a wealth of holy love impart,

May't gain to greatness the ignoble throng.

## Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.  
A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.  
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSIONS,"  
"ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

(Written according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,  
by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

Ahrenfeldt's dreams that night were of a heterogeneous character which no one could have envied. The embarrassments of his difficult position were aggravated and rendered even more trying in his fitful sleep. He started up, sometimes, half awakened by the enormous reality of the re-enactment of the day's scenes, then sighing with physical weariness, sank back to his painful visions. Now they were in the boat together, and Sonora was scornfully casting back to him his proffered cloak; then he thought, they stood once more in the dimly lighted aisle of the church, to be pronounced man and wife, but when the rite was over, and he turned to greet his bride, his dream presented to him instead, the thin, haggard features of Miss Saphronia Hallowell, who, grimly smiling at his surprise, melted slowly into viseloss air.

He awoke, feeling somewhat relieved that this part of his dream was not verify.

Singularly oppressed by some peculiarity in the air, for which he could not account, he arose and went to the window for the purpose of opening it. As he did so, he saw that the room was filled with faint, curling smoke. It was this which hindered respiration. He returned to the hearth to examine if all were right there. It was. Not an ember was displaced; the logs had burned apart, but lay harmlessly smoldering side by side. Something alarmed, he saw conclusively that the smoke did not proceed thence.

He rushed to the door leading from the kitchen, beneath which he fancied he saw the smoke issuing. As he flung it open, he was struck with horror to find that the little star and entry were dense with it; his eyes, his nostrils, his mouth were filled; in that fraction of time he felt himself suffocating, and retreated hurriedly to the kitchen.

It was clear that fire existed somewhere in the building. But where, where? The lighthouse and the little cabin at its side were constructed of the most combustible materials. With a pang of dismay, as Ahrenfeldt remembered this, he gave a great shout for assistance, and wrapping his head in the hearth rug, darted through the smoke towards the upper chambers.

His cries, deadened though they were by the opaque air, aroused at last the family. One by one its members came rushing from their rooms, terror and amazement stamped on every face.

Feeling his way as best he could, Ahrenfeldt found at last the chamber of Ruth and Sonora.

"Open!" he cried, knocking furiously at the door.

There was no answer.

He saw from beneath this door little tongue of flame lapping brightly outward.

Here then was the origin of the disaster. The door was locked. He shook it with anxious attempts. He shouted with all his might to the two sisters of the awfulness of the impending danger. But a silence like that of death reigned within the room.

Exerting all his strength, bracing himself powerfully for the effort, he burst the insecure fastening.

Still not a sound! not a sound!

He rushed towards the bed through the rising flames, and dark, increasing smoke. Near it, crouching upon the floor, was poor, crazed Saphronia Hallowell, her black, restless eyes, more restless now than ever, staring vacantly at him with terrified apprehension. In her hand she held a burning candle, with which it was evident she had just ignited the bed clothing.

"It isn't me," she said, cowering from him like a whipped hound, "and you needn't go to think you've kitched me at it. It isn't me. Mind that!"

He did not answer her; he did not look a second time at her white, frightened, remorseless face. Laughing and shrieking with manic abandon, she sprang up and darted swiftly from the room.

Ahrenfeldt gazed wildly on the bed. Pale as death Sonora lay there, alone, rendered insensible by the dense, heated atmosphere. He caught her in his arms, clasped his wife in a strong embrace, and bore her as quickly as he was able, down the stairs and into the safe, open air.

It happened that Ruth, on leaving the room of Father Lee a half hour before, had returned, to her solitary walk in the little enclosure of the lighthouse. The sobs of the winds in the few pine trees around the dwelling, and the surge of the breakers filled her soul with wild defiance of human sorrow. Buried in her reflections, she knew nothing of what was transpiring within her home. She heard not the panic of alarm that had spread itself through it. As she paced back and forth, with quick, impulsive tread, her breast aglow with scornful pride, she beheld suddenly in the faint, sudden starlight, Philip Ahrenfeldt come out, and brush wildly past her, bearing in his arms and upon his bosom her sister Sonora, fainting and unconscious.—Ruth's eyes glittered; she drew herself insensibly erect, as standing there alone, unseen, she heard Ahrenfeldt, while he hastily deposited Sonora on the ground, call upon her passionately, by many endearing words, to speak to him, giving her as he did so, in a fierce, frantic manner, the sacred name of "wife."

Sonora's bitter sobs were his only reply.

"Leap!" he exclaimed again.

"Leap, or it will be too late!"

Her old, feeble father started forward. His gray hair floated about his head; his shrivelled hands were uplifted like a prophet's unto Heaven, most solemnly, most awfully he cried.

Her hands clenched themselves involuntarily tightly together. The blood sprang from the palm where her nails touched, and trickled, redly, over her wrists. In her heart burned, terribly silent, an overwhelming sense of wounded and insulted womanhood.

At last, uttering a faint, smothered cry, she turned to enter the house, her brain rebelling against the torture of this sight. Her ear descended, as it had been to all sounds but those which had fallen upon it, heard now from within, for the first time, a tumult of feet and of horror-stricken voices.

What was that which met her eyes?

Grey, hazy smoke issued through the open door from which Ahrenfeldt had just appeared. As she approached the threshold, startled, alarmed, she beheld vivid flames about the upper windows, spreading—spreading fearfully everywhere.

Scarcely pausing for reflection, or even for the perfect realization of this scene, she attempted wildly to pierce through the smoke she endeavored to enter through the doorway. Gaping for the breath which the heat and steam seemed to suspend, she pressed vehemently onward with a bold, reckless disregard of life or death.

"Ruth," she heard some one call, "Ruth! Come back!"

It was Ahrenfeldt.

"Come back," he continued to shout, "come back!"

He followed her, he seized her by the dress and attempted to draw her out into safety.

"It is too late," he said, "you must not go. The fire is spreading fast."

She shook off his touch with an involuntary shudder, and sprang daringly into the very wildest of this cloudy, suffocating scene, towards where the cries, the tumult arose.

The progress of the fire was very rapid. Despairing of saving anything, already the family was deserting the light, frail building. There was no time, no opportunity to preserve aught but life.

From without came indistinct murmurs from a crowd of men, women and children, attracted by the far-spreading light of the streaming flames.

The wind was very high that night for the season of the year. The crackling blaze roared louder and flew faster with each gust that swept over the cabin. Banners of vivid fire floated in awful triumph from the walls. Soon it became fearfully evident that no mortal hand could avert the threatened misfortune.

Mechanically following the others as they quitted the house, Ruth now stood with them a little way from the burning ruin, drearily watching the advancement of the flames which were creeping swiftly towards the tall, gaunt outline of the old lighthouse itself.

One half hour before, sleep had reigned supreme within these fire-illuminated walls!

A short distance apart, the venerable, white-haired keeper looked in dismay on the approaching destruction of this circumscribed land-mark—this faithful companion of his age—this stern, old lighthouse.

Near him, muttering and gibbering, crouching the poor crazed woman, the author of this disaster.

Suddenly there was a cry, a half stifled, but agonized cry. It came from Ahrenfeldt. The assembled multitude saw his blanched, quivering features, and looking in the direction of his glaring eyes, beheld at one of the upper windows, where the fire had not yet penetrated, the face and figure of a woman, making to them signals for assistance.

"Good God! Sonora, Sonora!" was all he said, as he dashed towards the house.

And "Sonora, Sonora!" was the echo well, horror on every lip. They knew her well, those weaker hardened wreakers, and short as had been her stay on the island, her bright, sunny face had become familiar and beloved.

A little while before she was among them, faint and ill, but still safe. Why and how had she sought admittance again to the burning ruin? In the excitement, the alarm, the danger, she had glided away unnoticed.

There went up a loud shout of horror, as baffled by the black smoke and the curling flames, Ahrenfeldt madly retreated from the door where he had endeavored to gain admittance.

He glanced up at the window with an expression of blank hopelessness.

"A ladder! bring a ladder!"

There was none on the island. Nicholas told him this in so many hard, pitiless words.

"Save her, save her!" cried the old, trembling father.

"Save her!" cried, too, the agonized mother. Ruth's face was hidden on her father's shoulder. She looked up now, white as death.

"Tell her to leap!" she said; "for the love of heaven tell her to leap! You cannot reach her. In no other way can you save her. Tell her to leap!"

Ahrenfeldt advanced wildly as close to the steaming walls as he could. He outspread his arms. He looked like some weird lunatic asking deliverance over the grand burning chaos.

Raising his voice, which was coarse and husky with terrible suspense, he shrieked the name of Ruth.

"Leap!"

He saw Sonora, his wife, start forward. A gleam of sudden hope vibrated on her face. Then she shrank back.

"I cannot—I dare not," came fluttering down to him in response.

"Jump, jump! it is your only safety! I will catch you in my arms. For God's sake, obey me!"

The poor girl wrung her hands, and gazed alternately at the certain destruction behind her, and the uncertain, prospective one attending this leap.

"I dare not, I dare not!"

Ahrenfeldt gazed around him despairingly. Already the walls wavered, tottered in dreadful warning.

He aroused himself for one last effort. Still his arms were extended to intercept her fall.

"Sonora," he cried, with a voice of mingled agony and resolution, "Sonora!"

Sonora's bitter sobs were his only reply.

"Leap!" he exclaimed again.

"Leap, or it will be too late!"

Her old, feeble father started forward. His gray hair floated about his head; his shrivelled hands were uplifted like a prophet's unto Heaven, most solemnly, most awfully he cried.

She lay upon his breast now, safe, but sobbing convulsively. He held her there as though he defied all the world to separate them. He looked proudly content. Every trace of his broken anxiety had vanished.

"It is this," he said to his wife, "that cannot exist any longer. I will not sew another stitch."

"Really," said her mother, tartly, "you don't say so! Perhaps you would like to try starving instead."

"No," said Ruth, gravely; "I have merely agreed to work in a different way, to exert my mind, instead of my body. Give me but an opportunity," she added, earnestly, "and I will rise."

"Well," said Father Lee, "go on. Tell us your bright thoughts!"

"It is this. I intend to become—an actress."

"An actress," echoed her mother, in horror elevating her hands.

"An actress," cried Father Lee, in dismay.

"Why not?" demanded Ruth, smiling.

"The critics were aghast. They thought these untried representations an insult to their understandings. Why, her acting was no more acting than was the deportment of their wives and daughters, every evening in their private parlors!"

They were right. It was not acting. It was nature.

But the merchant proceeded to whistle the air of "Poor Uncle Ned," keeping time to the music with his fingers, on a desk which had kept a history of his rise and fall in trade.

**THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.**—A tailor at Vienna came to the Emperor on one of his public days, and laid a complaint against one of the highest nobility—a Schwartzburg—that he had ruined the character of his daughter. "What has he done?" asked the Emperor. "Oh," replied the plaintiff, "I own he has no acquaintance with her, but every day he rides down the street and kisses her hand to her, which has compromised her reputation very much, and impedes her marriage." The Emperor sent for the noble gallant, and notwithstanding it was proved that he had never exchanged a word with the girl, ordered him to pay her a compensation of 2,000 florins. He might have resisted, but as he felt it might make him in bad odor at court, he paid the money.

though by no means a perfect one, she endeavored to render so, by dedicating it, as long as it endured, to the service of others.

Years afterwards, when there arose in the world's midst a daring woman, carving fangs for horses in hearts, as well as in memories, men gazed and wondered—wondered that with such purity of character, she should mistake herself so far as to seek Fame.

But it was not sought!

## ZEROTES.

BY THOMAS E. HICKEY.

Zerotes is a man of stone,  
He lives but for himself alone;  
No wife's endearments soothe his cares,  
Nor sweet small footsteps on the stairs;  
Nephew or niece he hates the name,  
No place in hall or heart for them;

For no one in the world care he,  
And yet he fain believed would be.

Grave views of life Zerotes takes,  
He shuns all holidays and wakes;  
A merry laugh provokes his frown,  
He sternly puts all nonsense down.  
When through the village runs the jest,  
He stands unmoved amidst the rest.

A kill-joy hated much is he,  
Yet fain Zerotes loved would be.

Of noble, thoughtful, generous, bold,  
Zerotes lists not to be told;  
Tell him of those who do amiss,  
And suffer for it, give him blis.  
Speak of the recklessness and absurd,  
He echoes each defective word.

No gentle commentator he,  
And yet he fain believed would be.

Cold, timid, buttoned up, and grim,  
Few'er have been obliged to him;  
Yet while he's so little good,  
He talks of his ingratitude—  
Ungrateful, you may well believe,  
For favors that they never receive—

Yet through a misanthrope is he,  
Zerotes fain believed would be.

Self-love, oh, what a witch thou art,  
With such a sullen plan in the heart!  
To keep us in the ranks of mankind,  
To one small piece of wisdom blind,  
In cheerful life day after day,

To make him waste himself away,  
Seeing not what a child can see,  
The unloving ne'er believed can be!

## A TURKISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

The pacha rose as by a great effort to his feet, being assisted so to do by two *nefes*, who each put a hand beneath his shoulders—Having gently lifted him to stand upon his feet, with as much care as though he had been a chandelier or a German doll, they placed one hand beneath his elbows, whilst with the other they held up his robes. He leaned upon them, panting and tottering, as if crushed beneath the weight of the dignity he sustained, as is usual with all great persons on occasions of state in the east.

Slowly and stately the *nefes* placed him to sit upon the yielding cushions of the divan at the upper end of the Hall of Audience. The crowd of applicants, who stood with their hands meekly folded upon their bosom, just within the doorway, spread the palms of their hands upwards, and prostrated themselves till their forehead touched the earth. The officers who kept guard over the door, pressed forth to make their obeisance by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but the pacha, with a condescension which brought out a burst of applause, prevented them from doing so, and offered them his hand. Each one took the proffered and distinguishing boon, stepped forward and placed it for a moment upon his head.

"Lah! Lah! el Al! Lah! Muhammed! I reoun Al! Lah! (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is the prophet of God!)?" cried Latija, the secretary of the court. "Al! Lah! shekier! (Praise be to God!) all the earth is come for justice to this its asylum in the presence of the shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!"

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured:

"Justice! justice! justice!"

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

"Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!" said the pacha.

"May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!" cried the applicant. "The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Mahr, and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of midnight. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the Tarshash, to invoke the judgment of the Redaction of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan; Kafor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my bazaar."

"Good; and you shall have what is right for am I not here even as in the stead of the Padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?" said the pacha.

"Taibin! taibin!" (Excellent! excellent,) said the satellite near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

"My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the name of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the Tarshash; and the science of the Franks is but an atom in the beams of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under Heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded. And it was but yesterday that whilst thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe—that that flask, small as a pea, which I possess—had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafor! My lord, he has plundered me of plasters sufficient

to cover the way from hence to Kehaba<sup>1</sup> with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the hours in paradise!"

"Kafor, stand forth!" pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

"Give him the bastinado," was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible; he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic "Thrum!" (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

"Now who else would have justice?" asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowest salams of the east, began his complaint.

"I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all powerful pacha who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Bairam, I bargained with this filly Greek, Angiolo—"

"Angiolo, stand forth!" interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite pro-ceded.

"I bargained with him, oh, Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokhast* for—"

"Had you paid me the duty on them?" asked the pacha.

"My lord's wisdom is wonderful!" cried the Jew. "He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noon-day! Who can hide aught from the Favorite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my greatest ancestor, should I not be witness as a dog, if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight!"

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of "Taibin! taibin!" ran through the court, to the great encouragement of You-souff, the silver-bearded Jew.

"I took them to the custom-house," resumed he; "but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of *bokhast* and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure."

"You did sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?" asked the pacha.

"My lord, it is even as you say," responded the Jew.

"Latija," said the pacha to the secretary, "write that You-souff, the Jew, is to pay an avana of one hundred plasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of *bokhast* also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his avana of fifty plasters for purchasing two bundles of *bokhast* of You-souff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!"

But the poor Jew was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

"Where did you sell them, infidels?" asked the pacha.

"The bargain was made in the bazaar," replied the unhappy You-souff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined for ever.

"Latija," continued the pacha to the secretary, "Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty plasters for troubling the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your cause is done!"

"It is done, my lord."

"Latija," said the pacha, "write, Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avana of one hundred plasters for troubling the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your cause is dismissed."

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discomfited Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

"What complaints have you, Saider?" asked the pacha, "against this woman?"

"None, my lord," said she, "none!"

"My lord," said the official, "this is Zeinip Hanoum, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds."

"Astafa Al! Lah! (God be praised!) cried the pacha, "I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, Mashal! Lah! there are few among you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Zeinip?"

"Nought, Efendimon," (my master,) replied she. "Some daughter of a *kama* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha."

"Did you do it?"

"I! I! not I!" responded Zeinip. "Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young *sikdam* of the city. I have sold in the best bazaar toys wherewith words of passion were inscribed in gold-dust upon the leaves of roses. I have—"

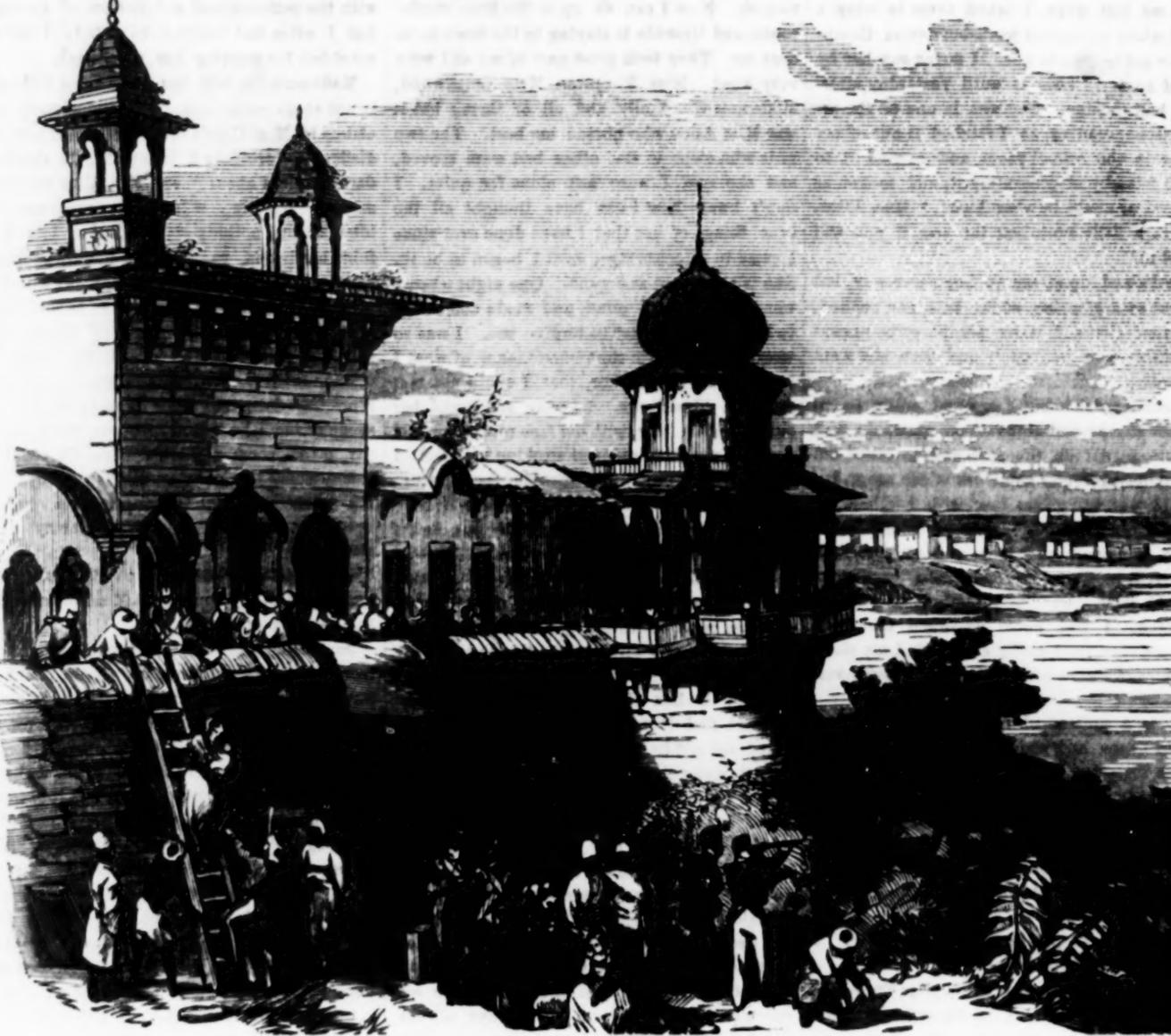
"Mas! Lah! Lah! she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!" said the pacha. "Do we not talk of woman?—and that is bosh," (nothing.)

"So you all say," pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. "Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false fire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I show you, Efendimon? I have silk shawls encircled with love ballads from Hafz; I have guns of Arabi, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have analis whose frames

are the holy temple at Mecca.

†Silk handkerchiefs.

‡Son of Salan.



THE FORT AT AGRA.

## THE FORT AT AGRA.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Our readers will remember after the battle before Agra the Europeans retired into the fort, when the sepoys proceeded to release all the prisoners confined within the jail, and, aided by them, plundered and set fire to the European cantonments. An officer, writing from the fort, gives a melancholy account of the then condition of the 7,000 people who had there taken refuge. He says that the first few days after the fight were days of true misery, discomfort, filth, and starvation. But confidence was soon restored, and greater comfort began to prevail. They feared no enemy, and were contriving the means of defence and supplies for many months. He states that he is located with his wife and child in a miserable abode forming part of a great square in the fort, in a space separated from their neighbors by a thin partition of grass matting. It is about ten feet by seven, and contains all their belongings, consisting of two small tin boxes and a wooden one with clothes, two little tables on cross legs, two brass basins, cooking vessels, wood and charcoal, such food as they can get, water jars, his gun, and a bed, the property of Government. Another officer, writing in a more lively strain, speaks of the appearance of the interior as being very amusing. The streets, he says, are all named. "We have Regent, Oxford, Quadrant, Burlington, and Lowther Arcades. Ours is Trafalgar Square, Nos. 48 and 49."

The fort of Agra, which contains the Palace of Akbar, and the celebrated Motie Masjid or Pearl Mosque, is one of the grandest structures of the kind in India. It is about a mile and a half in circuit, and its stately embattled battlements of red sandstone are seventy feet in height. Nothing can be more imposing than the view of this immense mass of masonry, rising high above the buildings of the modern city, and almost overtopping the domes of the Jumma Masjid (Sunday mosque), which stands without its gates. Its appearance, nevertheless, is very deceptive with regard to its strength, for the walls, impregnable as they look, are mere shells, and would not stand a single day's cannonading.

A drawbridge, crossing a deep moat which surrounds the fort, conducts to a massive gateway, and up a paved ascent to the inner entrance. This consists of two octagonal towers of red sandstone, inlaid with ornamental designs in white marble. The passage between them is covered by two domes, which seem to rise from accretions of prismatic stalactites, as in the domes of the Moorish Alhambra. This elegant portal, however, instead of opening upon a series of palatial courts, leads to a waste of barren mounds covered with withered grass. But over the blank red walls in front, three marble domes, glittering in the sunshine, may be noticed; and still further, are to be seen the golden pinnacles of Akbar's palace.

Without a ground-plan it would be difficult to describe in detail its many courts, its separate masses of buildings, and its detached pavilions—which combine to form a labyrinth, so full of dazzling architectural effects, that it is almost impossible to keep the clue.

The substructions of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of its corridors, chambers, and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most exquisite elaboration of ornament. The pavilions overhanging the river are inlaid, within and without, in the rich style of Florentine mosaic. They are precious caskets of marble glittering all over with jasper, agate, cornelian, bloodstone, and lapis-lazuli, and topped with golden domes. Balustrades of marble; wrought in open patterns of such rich design that they resemble fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements. The Jumma washes the walls, seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the zenana, or women's apartments, there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India, the Taj, shining like a palace of ivory and crystal, about a mile down the stream.

**PROVIDENCE.**—What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children! Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her treasures years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general arises on every side, "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half of the night; of passing his days in his office or in the courts of eating luxuriously dinners, and drinking various kinds of wine. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary in some of our cities for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming young girl thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, paid the penalty—a checked circulation, colds, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? Look at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating and drinking, in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, and pure air; by indolent dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there no impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical law strictly observed, from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and meet its end as if falling asleep.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

**THE IRON MOUNTAIN IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.**—Since the earliest ages the iron of Rio Elba, has been worked, without being in the slightest degree exhausted. It is a mountain about five hundred feet in height, composed of red ore. In the vicinity are other almost equally rich veins; and among them the Calamita, which is the true Magnetic Mountain. The Etruscans were the first to carry off the mineral; they transferred it to Populonium, to whose territory the island belonged, and there the iron was smelted. The want of wood prevented the operation being performed in Elba, and even at the present day, the ore has to be carried to Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, or Bastia. The mines of Rio are richer than those of Prince Demidoff in Siberia, and probably their equal cannot be found in the world. At present they are worked by a Tuscan company, and produce about 25,000 tons annually. Up to the present there has not been a shaft sunk, and thus, in all probability, the iron supply will be unfailing.

she away to the house of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her out, and brought her back."

"Why did you not show him the bottom of your slipper?" asked the pacha, much moved at this injustice to the young wife.

"I did, my lord," replied the Hanoum; "and once I was minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained."

"Guel, guel!" (Very good, very good), replied the pacha. "The cause must indeed be serious when a wife can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of her husband! By your patience, I know that you are in the right—for such can always keep their temper. I will send a script to your husband," pursued the pacha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled purse. "No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her husband's fancies whilst the Favorite of the Padishah sits in judgment here."

The purse was handed to the secretary, who turned it over to the pacha.

"I know not what the costs are," said the arch young Hanoum; "but I require no deductions from my gift. If any remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one else in court who might choose it."

The Hanoum made a dignified salam—the pacha graciously returned it—and then she passed out of court. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that he was so much fatigued with the duties of his office, that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the *nefes* now supported Alsan from the Hall of Audience. We follow'd, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

**SHAKESPEARE'S INJUSTICE TO MR. AND MRS. MACBETH.**

Shakespeare committed against Macbeth the sin of Scott against Balfour of Burley, and others. Macbeth's existence and power carry us back into very dire regions of history; but any facts, or even traditions, known of him tell to the man's advantage, with the exception of Shakespeare's drama, which may have been founded upon tradition.

As for Lady Macbeth, she is Jezebel and covered with scandal shamefully, without any ground for doing it whatever. There was a Mrs. or Lady Macbeth, but she was probably a woman of a weak spirit, somewhat annoyed by her husband's intermeddling in state affairs, and became, by her

## ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

STOCKBRIDGE, August 4th.—This is the first chance I have got since I came to Stockbridge, of writing a word in my journal—and now it is on the fly. I came four days ago, and seem to have been in a whirl and confusion ever since; I am only just beginning to settle down.

At first it seemed as if I never should settle. Everything was so strange. There was only one girl here when I arrived (Miss Alice) who called her, and she is the half-brother; but a great many have come in yesterday and to day—twenty-three in all. From what I have seen, there is not one whom I feel inclined to like much, but I can tell with certainty one person I do not like, and that is Miss Alice—I cannot bear her. She helped the English teacher, Miss Smallwood (a gaunt, very disagreeable-looking woman) to unpack my boxes, make inventories of my clothes, and put them in the drawers as if she were a servant; and when it was time to dress for dinner (we dined at four) she came and asked me if I could do my own hair? When I told her I could, she said, "That's a blessing!" and went away.

She is apparently there to serve everybody—girls, teachers, and mistresses. Some of the girls seem great friends with her, but most of them are afraid of her. She is not cross or ill-natured, but she is so saucy she makes me cringe. If she only looks at me, I begin to dread that the next moment she will, as it were, spit out a sharp, stinging phrase at me, and make everybody laugh. It is her way. I was talking to Emily Clay about her, and asking whether she were not a disagreeable person; Emily said she was very odious to those she disliked, but by one or two there was nobody so much loved. It seems strange how anybody can love her. She does not look very formidable; she is middle-sized and dark-complexioned, with a quantity of beautiful hair, and very bright eyes; Emily calls her pretty, but I do not. Miss Thoroton does not like her, and is very harsh to her, and she even dares to retort and defend herself. Miss Smallwood and she are at daggers drawn, and are engaged in little wordy fights ever so many times a day; the girls seem to think it fun. I should not like to be Miss Alice for anything, but I shall take care not to offend her.

August 9th.—This is my first Sunday at school, and this evening we have some rest in the garden, where I am writing upon my knee with a pencil. Emily Clay has lent me. On week-days we have scarcely time to breathe between each lesson. We get up at six, and must be in the school-room at seven. Then lessons till eight, prayers, and breakfast. After that, ten minutes out here, and again to work until twelve. Then dry bread and toast-and-water for luncheon, and half-an-hour's recreation. Lessons again till two: then a walk up Stockbridge lane, or by the river side. Back to dinner at four: a quarter-of-an-hour's rest to save our complexions, then to lessons again till half past seven, tea at eight, prayers after, and to bed at nine; very thankful am I to go to bed too, I am so weary of the incessant hum and work.

Miss Thoroton is a very fashionable-looking lady, but she drops her occasionally: she addresses us, collectively and individually, upon the conduct of gentlewomen, and cites to us as shining examples for our imitation certain stars of surpassing brilliance, who formerly illumined the horizon of Stockbridge, but who have since gone in their glory to other spheres. There is one—Maggie Dickson, whom I never will forgive! Her grace, her elegance, her patience, her laborious industry, her talent, her doing her steps up-stairs, her perfect propriety of manner, and her French accent are a continual reproach to me. I believe all the girls hate her sublime and imitable virtues. Whatever we do ill, Maggie Dickson would score to have done: whatever we do well, Maggie Dickson would have done a hundred times better! The genius and goodness seem to have been absorbed by past generations of school-girls, while we are left lamentably deficient. I ventured to say so to Miss Alice, and she with her smile replied, "Oh! we shall be past generations, next half or next year, and shall become shining lights in our turn!" When Maggie Dickson was here, Miss Thoroton used to say she was like an over grown stable-boy, and she was; she came to Stockbridge when I did, and got into as many scrapes as any of us."

This is consolatory, but I do wish Miss Thoroton would allow us to have one little germ of goodness, so that there might be a hope of something sprouting up by-and-by; but she will not. She says my language is made up of the most frightful provincialisms, which never can be, and never ought to be, tolerated in polite society, and she inquires almost daily, where I have been brought up, and to what place I expect to go ultimately, if I continue to persevere in my present evil ways. I'm sure I don't know.

Emily Clay is such a sweet, good, kind creature; she never says an ill word of anybody; not even of that every-day-more to be avoided Miss Alice. Miss Alice spares no one, and no thing. She deliberately (and I must acknowledge very amusingly) caricatures us all—teachers, masters, mistresses, and pupils indiscriminately. She has a book full of quaint sketches, and somebody says she keeps a locked diary; this is esteemed a great mystery and wickedness, as I suppose mine would be were it known, but so far no one is cognisant of it. I have not even told Emily Clay, and she is my favorite above all the school. Miss Alice does a great many civil offices for me, indeed sometimes I am ashamed to make use of her services, disliking her as I do, but I cannot help myself. Yesterday she had to hear me practise my new piece, and I tried to say I was obliged, but did it with such a bad grace, that she laughed and said—"You need not thank me; I shall attend to you whether you do or not, and I hate sham!"

September 2nd—I scarcely ever get time to write a line in my book now, but I must set down what passed yesterday.

Miss Alice has always had to help me a great deal with my lessons because I am so low in my class, and I thought it was only right (especially as I don't like her,) that I should make her some acknowledgment for her services. I wrote to consult Grannie about it,

and so when she and Cousin Jane drove over to see me last week, I asked them to bring a pretty white enamelled work-box from Comp-ton, for me to give to her. I never saw her by herself so as to offer it until yesterday afternoon, half-holiday. She was in one of the arbors, alone, reading, so I fetched it out of my drawer in the school room, and carried it to her; I felt shy of presenting it, and looked as awkward as could be when I said, "Miss Alice, here is a little work-box for you, if you will accept it."

She looked up at me in her queer way, but without ever glancing at the box, and replied, "Eleanor Clare, I never accept gifts except from those who love me," and then she went on reading.

I turned scarlet, but I was not going to enter into any protestations of my gratitude, so I left the parcel on the seat and marched off. Miss Alice presently came out of the arbor, but she did not bring the box with her, nor, so far as I observed, did she even glance at it. There it stayed all night, and as it rained heavily, it is almost spoiled; Miss Smallwood brought it in, and asked publicly to whom it belonged. I had never expected that, and feeling desperately guilty got behind my slate, and feigned not to hear. Miss Alice, however, spoke and said:

"It is a present which Miss Eleanor Clare offered to me and which I declined."

Miss Thoroton looked up in amazement, and stared at both of us, then at the box.

"It was an expensive present for you to buy, Miss Eleanor," said she; "but it shows a good spirit of gratitude; you have given Miss Alice much additional work, but she has no claim on you or that account."

"I wanted to pay her for her trouble," I blundered out stupidly.

"That you cannot do," said Miss Thoroton, "there is no question of payment between Miss Alice and any of the pupils; you are all entitled to her services, and she is entitled to your thanks, but nothing more. If she had chosen to accept the present, offered no doubt in a right spirit, there could have been no objection; but, as the matter stands, I must desire Miss Smallwood to take charge of it until you go home, when she will pack it in your trunk. There is no need to cry, Miss Eleanor."

Yes, that final admonition was to me! I had begun to cry—to cry publicly; all the girls stared, and whispered, and even Miss Alice began to look red and vexed. It was just time to go out to walk, and everybody began to move; at last they all went, except Miss Alice and myself, and there I sat at my desk crying all the while. I dropped my face into my hands; I could have stamped with passion. In a minute, perhaps, I felt Miss Alice lay her hand on my neck, and she said, "Don't be angry, Eleanor Clare, it is not as if you loved me, and I had rejected your present—then you might cry; but you know you hate me worse than any girl in the school."

I shook her off and replied, "Yes, I do!" so vehemently. I was sorry after I had said it, for all her color went except two red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked strange as if tears had flashed into them; but the next moment she laughed in her old way, and observed that she had known it all along, and did not care. "I don't care," is for ever on her lips.

September 14th.—What tiresome, disagreeable subjects we have to write about! This week's is, The Four Seasons, invited to dine with Time, dispute which is the most valuable to men. Half the girls are running to and fro in a state of distraction; they cannot borrow from books, and Miss Alice is in one of her lofty moods, and declines to help anybody, or else the common cry when we are in a difficulty over our subjects, is, "Oh! Miss Alice, do give me an idea!" and sometimes she will write us a good half page.

Ever since that scene about the box, she and I have scarcely spoken. I do feel a little bit vexed and ashamed of myself when I remember it, and some of the girls have taken upon themselves to quarrel with me about it. They say I insulted her—I did not intend it, and I don't believe she thinks I did. I fancy often since I began to observe her, that she has a heart under her satire, but she takes a great deal of pains to keep it hidden. Emily Clay does not dislike her; indeed, she insists upon it that if she had not been so harshly treated when she was a child, and since she came to Stockbridge, she would have been more affectionate and faithful than any of us. Miss Smallwood is horrid to her, but she never seems to care, and though she is slaving from morning till night, Miss Thoroton scolds her every day. She is dreadfully impertinent sometimes—indeed, she always appears ready-armed for repelling an attack, and such cutting, bitter things she can say! So very different from Emily Clay!

September 19th—Miss Alice has been put into my room, and Emily Clay moved to another. Miss Thoroton said she would not have any clashing in the school, and Emily and I were too much together. Then we are not allowed to be companions in our walks, but each of us is clasped with a girl we care nothing about. Now, I call this enough to make us deceitful and unkind! Why cannot we be allowed our natural affections as we are elsewhere? I will walk with Emily, and I will talk with her too, whenever I can for all the Miss Thoroton's in the universe! Miss Smallwood, too, has taken a spite against us, and if we are together in recreation time, she immediately sends one of us off to the piano or elsewhere. Miss Alice is quite as much vexed as we are, but we have to submit. This is such oppressive heat weather, and we have had ever so many bad thunderstorms lately. I don't like Stockbridge as a place—letting alone its being a school. There is a great, ugly marsh beyond our garden, and it is damp and steamy, so different to dear old Burnbank. Some of the girls are not well, and I am not well either, though I don't in the least know what ails me; I get tired with nothing, and my head aches miserably often, but I don't like to complain.

October 29th.—Oh! what a time I have had of it! And now I am full of aching bones, and pains, and languors! I can scarcely stand a foot after another, and the least noise almost makes me scream. I have had a rheumatic fever for nearly six weeks, and have suf-

fred so very, very much—it was like being racked. Now I can sit up in the little music-room, and Grannie is staying in the town to be near me. They took great care of me and were very kind. Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, Emily, and all of them; but it was Miss Alice who nursed me best. The two girls who slept in the other bed were moved, and she and I were left alone for quiet. I don't know how I can have thought all the cruel things of her that I have done ever since I came to Stockbridge, until I began to be ill.

She is so patient and good. One night when I was the weakest I cried, and made confession to her, and asked her to forgive me. I was so weighed down with the remembrance of what I used to feel against her, that I could not rest until she kissed me. I awoke and found her sitting on the floor, with her face resting against my bed, watching me, and stroking my hand. I knew she had been practising in the drawing-room until after ten, and that she would have to be at her lessons for herself by five, and it pained me inexpressibly to see her wasting her few hours of sleep in guarding me. Since that night I have found her out; she never can be cold and repel me again, for I must love her whether she will or no. She did not say very much, but she kept still a long while, and knelt by the bed with her face on my hand, and I could feel it wet with tears. At last she asked me not to talk any more, she could not bear it, and got into her own bed. I thought at first she was going to sleep, but by-and-by I heard a sob, and another, and oh! how she cried! I thought she would kill herself; I never heard anybody cry so bitterly, or so long. I sat up—move I could not—and prayed her to be calm, but she seemed to have lost all control over herself, and could not cease. I know that feeling; I wanted to put my arms about her and comfort her, and to tell her there was one person would love her always, always, but I might as well have been tied to my bed, so utterly helpless was I with pain and weakness.

She fell asleep at length, and so did I, and the next morning she said, very quietly, "You must not tell me I can bear any amount of scolding and hatred with equanimity, but the moment I get a glimpse of affection I am broken up—it is the hazel divining rod which shows where lie the fountains of tears in me—don't use you yet, just yet." And away she went to the school-room.

I feel as if I loved her just now, better than any one else in the whole world; she has a kind of power over me, which I don't acknowledge in anybody besides; whatever she bids me do, I should do it. I like to watch her face as she sits by the window, at her frame-work, (she gets a dispensation from school business and keeps me company now and then,) it changes from that quick vivacity and saucy expression, that made me dislike her once to a very placid, mournful look—she has a large forehead and dark eyes, but she looks ill and worn; in fact, I believe she has a great deal too much work for her age and strength. She does twice as much as Miss Smallwood or Mademoiselle, besides learning her own lessons; she says to me, that she never sleeps above an hour at a time, and that this wretched habit she acquired when she first came to Stockbridge, through a dread of lying too long, and being up late, and not having time for her lessons. She will not talk about herself much, but occasionally I hear a little bit of her former history. She has neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, and she is here to be trained for a teacher.

November 12th—Oh! I think Miss Smallwood the lowest-minded woman! She took me to task this morning about my infatuated fondness, as she called it, for Miss Alice. She said that when we leave school our social positions will be widely different, and that it would be awkward for me to have her for my intimate friend. I cannot express the utter disgust, the wrath that I felt. I said something violent, too, and for that I was vexed, because it gave Miss Smallwood occasion to point out what she maliciously phrased "a sign of the deterioration of my character through our association." To blame Alice!—that angered me more than ever, and I told Miss Smallwood that she was quite incapable of understanding the beautiful nature of my dearest schoolfellow, to whom I was attached equally by my gratitude and my love. Miss Smallwood looked very red, called me an impetuous silly girl, and threatened to tell Miss Thoroton whether she had done so or not I neither know nor care, but—

At this part of the journal there is a blank half-page, and the writing is not resumed until two years later, when Eleanor Clare left school: the sudden break-off she then explains.

MEADOWLANDS, June 19, 1846.—OH! how vividly the sight of my old book, that scrawled, that smeared line, and the avalanche of blotches bring back the remembrance of early school-times! Miss Thoroton gave it to me yesterday, when I was packing up to leave Stockbridge for Fernell. She did not speak to me about the awful moment when she pounced down upon me as I was making the entry which comes to such an abrupt conclusion; she just laid it down and said, "This is your property, Eleanor Clare," and marched off with an air of intense dignity.

I have been reading a few pages—I wonder what has become of Alice, and where she is now—she promised to write me when she was settled, and she has never done so.

Emily Clay and I are together at Meadowlands, where her father lives: it is a pretty place, but not so pretty as Burnbank. Grannie gave permission for me to pay my visit of a fortnight here before joining her, and afterwards, I suppose, we move to Fernell. When I was at Meadowlands, last midsummer, Herbert Clay was at home; but now he is away on one of his journeys, and is not likely to come back until Monday. I wish he were here. Meadowlands is rather dull, notwithstanding dear Emily does all she can to amuse me without breaking any of the laws of the establishment. Mrs. Clay is the strongest woman—if she were not Emily's mother, I believe I should say the most unpleasant, tiresome, tyrannical woman I ever saw; she has a set of rules for the guidance of servants, husband, children, and visitors, all equally harsh and equally unrelaxing. How other people support her joke, I cannot tell, but to me it is insufferable—the order at Stockbridge

was anarchic in comparison. Emily submits with the patience and resignation of an angel, but I often feel tempted to rebel; I should rebel but for grieving her, good soul.

Mademoiselle, who has come for a fortnight, is not so conscientious. She audaciously proclaims to Mrs. Clay's face, "De stitch-work I dislike, de 'broider' I 'bominat,' de stocking-darn I cannot bear!" and Mrs. Clay placidly self-satisfied countenance as she contradicts us all, and rules us all, and chafes us all to limit of human endurance. Her eyes are big and prominent, her features are flat, her mouth is thin-lipped, and when it is dropping pearls of moral sentiments, it opens and shuts like the steel snap of a purse. It was certainly an unaccountable freak of nature to give her two such fine children as Herbert and Emily. Emily is very, very pretty, and Herbert has a noble face and carries his head well; Mademoiselle styles him Jeune Apollo, and he certainly has a claim to the comparison, but I would rather call him Phaeton, for there is a very considerable element of rashness in him, and, once his mother's sway cast off, he will do some foolish things by way of trying his power. Emily is rather afraid of him; but I should never be that; his heart and principles are sterling both, and will not let him go far wrong.

JUNE 20TH.—Herbert Clay is coming home tomorrow, instead of Monday. I am glad! for now, surely, we shall have a drive out somewhere—perhaps to Carlton Lakes; that was a delightful drive we had to Carlton last year when the Brookers were staying here. I should like to go again. I have been at a loss to understand what Mrs. Clay was hinting at all this morning while we were "in purgatory"; sometimes, from her tone and glances, I imagined it might be at myself; but, then, her remarks were so plainly irrelevant that I must have been mistaken. She talked about designing chits of girls with intense asperity, and said once very emphatically, apropos of nothing,

"When Herbert marries, he must have money with his wife; his father can make him no allowance now!"

Emily laughed, and asked if anybody had proposed for her brother, that she was specifying. Mrs. Clay reddened, and said in reply:

"It is well those things should be understood; young girls are apt to deceive themselves as to the actual position of men whom they are in a luxurious home."

Mademoiselle was very wrath, and she has been to me since, indignantly repelling any suspicion that she, Aimee Louise de Chalfont, should have designs matrimonial on the son of any "canaille manufacturer!" I appealed her wrath by pointing out that I was as well as herself might be hit.

I am so rejoiced that I never let it out at Stockbridge about Fernell being mine—Miss Thoroton and all of them suppose it to belong to Grannie; but she evidently felt the insult aimed particularly at herself; she was for packing her box and departing at the instant, but I prevailed on her to stay. She acceded, threatening to present a visage de glace a ce beau monsieur! Herbert will not be long in thawing the crust if he is as he was, and Mademoiselle's wrath never lasts more than ten seconds at a time—no fear of a quarrel therefore.

JUNE 21ST.—Of all hateful places, that dressing room is the most hateful! There have been toiling the whole of the long sunshiny morning, and now, at three o'clock, the sky is overcast and threatens rain. We might have gone to Carlton so beautifully if Mrs. Clay would have let us. Herbert came in at half-past ten, saying he had a holiday from the office, and would drive us anywhere we chose to go. Mademoiselle shrieked aloud for joy, and I began to fold up my work, when Mrs. Clay bade us be tranquil, she could not spare us till the afternoon; she really must set her face against such distracted ways.

How poor Emily is to pass her life in this dreary fashion is more than I can tell; she is far too yielding and unselfish already. Mrs. Clay tyrannises for the mere love of power. When she had refused us this reasonable pleasure, she ordered Herbert to go off, but he said he had nothing in the world to do; he had made over his work for the day to his father, and so he would wait till we were at liberty. And there he stayed leaning against the side of the door, looking chagrined and uncomfortable, until his mother found him a task to walk into the town to match some wool to her red parrot with. We have not seen him since, and I do not suppose he went near the wool shop.

Mrs. Clay treats her son as if he were a little school-boy, although he is nearly of age. It is marvellous how she submits to it. I would not. But there is so much in habit. Mrs. Clay is not actively unkind, but she is like flint, and her character is as tough as leather; she seems to have no sentiments, no emotions, no soft amenities of disposition; I could not love her if I tried for centuries, and I do not think she could love me. I cannot tell why, but she seems to have taken a positive dislike to me just now. She shows it continually.

JUNE 22D.—Last night we had a walk down by the river—Herbert and I, Emily and Mademoiselle. It was almost in the gloaming, and I think I shall never forget that dreary, wild scene. Though, in early spring, the water pours down in a flood, at this season the bed of the river is almost dry; the white stones gleamed gaudily against the low dark lines of wood beyond, and there was a sad moaning undertone in the wind such as I never heard before. Then the trickling flow of the springs among the rocky fragments, the rush of the mill stream, and the stirring of the leaves seemed to deepen the silence; there was a strange effect, too, in the clouds—all purple bars against a golden sky, which reminded me of what some wretched prisoner might feel looking through his grated window at the unattainable liberty beyond. As the currents of air swept down the river-bed, they brought a briny scent as of the sea shore. I almost expected to see tangle hanging on the stones, and shells lying about.

Herbert and I sat on the bank, while Emily and Mademoiselle strayed further down towards the plantation, and he began to talk about his school-days; I do not think he is happy at home; nobody could be happy so crushed and fettered as he and Emily are. I do not think Mr. Clay observes how tied down his children are; he did, surely he would alter it; but he evidently regards his wife as the best and the fairest. He denounces the curate as a wolf in sheep's clothing, an upstart, a beggar, a designing underling, a miserable poverty-bitten Scotchman, and ended by declaring that if his daughter ever spoke to Hugh Cameron again she would renounce her at once and forever. Emily was crushed with shame and pain, for he was there all the time, and saw the sor-did soul of her mother.

Mr. Clay is ruled by his wife almost as completely as his children are, and when he saw her violent dislike to the match, he just said quietly:

"You see, Emily, it won't do—you must give

## HOW TO MAKE A FRENCH COOK.

The proprietor of an excellent hotel not a hundred miles from Boston, decided among other improvements in his household arrangements, to employ a French cook, and by making a journey to New York he found the *artist* required. As the landlord was not familiar with the French language, the preliminaries of the engagement were settled in English, with which the cook was tolerably conversant. Soon after the instalment of the distinguished *cuisinier*, a remarkable change took place in the kitchen and dining room of the establishment, much to the satisfaction of its guests. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, pyramids and other ornaments known only to the French; a light house of sugar, with an illuminated lantern, towered in the midst thereof, which would have shed lustre upon a table at the Tuilleries. Every guest was praising the skill of the French cook. The dishes were excellent. The entrees and dessert were of the first order—in a word, a French table had been set up in the establishment.

During this happy state of affairs, one of the boarders, a French gentleman who was confined to his room by illness, wished to see his countryman, the cook, that he might order a particular French soup. The artiste appeared in his white cap and complete French cook's costume. "Monseigneur le Cuisinier," said the sick gentleman, "je desirais que vous fassiez une soupe à la Francaise." "Speak plain," replied the cook, "I cannot understand you." The French gentleman, astonished at the answer, gave his order in French, and added, "being myself a Frenchman, I was told by the landlord, that you were a fellow-countryman." "Ah, my dear sir, I am an Irishman! but do not expose me. I have been an under cook at the English embassy in Paris, and there I learned French cooking; but if the landlord should know that I am an Irishman, he would send me away."

The gentleman's order was well and promptly answered, and for several weeks he kept the secret committed to him. The story being told, was passed around in a quiet way, and after the departure of the French gentleman, came to the ear of the landlord, who, furious with rage, rushed into the kitchen. "You villain," said he, "you have deceived me, you are an Irishman! you could not understand the French gentleman when he gave you an order." "No, monsieur," replied the cook, "me no comprehend he French, he speak Francais ver' bad." This reply satisfied the landlord, and the cook maintained his position, good cooking and unexpected integrity, still speaking his broken English and singing his snatches of French songs.—*Boston Journal*.

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a Distinction and a Difference. He says that "a little Difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little Distinction" attracts host of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"Often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and worldly honored company of Christian monarchists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the EYE OF THE NEEDLE, without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage."—*Clericology*.

A certain Cockney bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, faint at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive!"

A Western correspondent says: "I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing (say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of evening, and after congratulating her on her departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said she hoped so, but she heard there was a great deal of fever on the river now—she hoped they wouldn't catch it in the way down."

ANOTHER VICTIM.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Dispatch, says: "When Mr. McElroy, of the Tribune, failed, he was followed by a number of others in the book and paper trade. Among them was the house of Pease & Brooks, which for twenty years has supplied the Herald with its paper. But Pease & Brooks, they say, were also Mr. Bennett's bankers. He had implicit confidence in their solvency, as well as their integrity. He purchased, for instance, a magnificent plate, lately, on the Fifth Avenue, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. Instead of paying it off and out, he chose to leave seventy thousand dollars in the hands of Pease & Brooks, and resort to a mortgage. That seventy thousand, gossip says, is now in the vocative. Many rejoice in the misfortune, and, accusing the Herald of the present panic, hint about the 'police influence,' &c. This completes the trio, however, in affliction, and is to be longer laught at the other. Wesley of the Times, McElroy, of the Tribune, and Bennett, of the Herald, have all been caught napping this time, and have accordingly suffered."

A. P. T., Mr. Frederick W. Porter, for thirty years the Corresponding Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, of this city, and as such having a general oversight of its business transactions, has issued notes and acceptances for his private purposes, without the knowledge or authority of the Board, or of any of its officers, to the amount of \$8,880.00. These notes and acceptances were signed by Mr. Porter, but not entered upon any of the books of the Society, and were so arranged, that until within a few days, no suspicion of their existence occurred to any person connected with the Institution. No part of the funds appear to have been abstracted, and have any part of the contributions to his benevolent objects been lost or misspent. All the obligations of the Society, which have been legitimately incurred, have been, and will be, promptly met.

EFFECTS OF THE MONEY PANIC OF PRODUCED IN THE WEST.—The warehouses of Buffalo are said to be crammed to their utmost capacity with grain, meat and other produce from the west, and many caravans are continually arriving there, with no one to give them. The banks, in many instances, have advanced the freight, taking the whole charge in security. One firm has now thirteen boats lying at West Troy, heavily laden with valuable produce, and they are unable to raise the money (\$3,000) to pay the tolls. And the banks have not suspended in Buffalo. In truth, it is because of the struggle the banks to maintain themselves, that money is so scarce there—the banks dreading to the very uttermost, and thus leaving one afloat to bring in the western crops should enough come.

It is estimated that over 20,000 sewing machines were sold in the United States during the year.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

## NEWS ITEMS.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**—We have three days' later news from Europe by the arrival at New York of the steamship *Amble* from Liverpool, with advice to the 19th.

The East Indian accounts state that Delhi was not taken the 20th of July. More mutinies had occurred, including one regiment in the Bombay Presidency. Several victories are reported over the mutineers.

Two regiments of British troops have retired from Delhi on account of sickness. Another report says that large reinforcements have arrived, and an assault was looked for in a few days.

The Atlantic telegraph cable is to be landed and stored at the Plymouth Navy Yard until the next Belfast, in consequence of its late state, has been suspended; the law, military, and two batteries have been sent from Dublin to inquire into and report upon the causes which have led to the late outages.

Various speculations are about the approaching Imperial interview at Stuttgart. It is said that Napoleon desired that the Czar and Queen Victoria should meet at Paris.

The cholera now extends over nearly all the world of the northern continent of Europe. At Giessen four per cent of the population have died. At Uppsala, the University has been closed until the 12th of October, on account of the epidemic.

A monetary panic has occurred on the Paris Bourse, and the shares of the Credit Mobiliar have largely declined. The Czar has extended to Vienna.

The London Times reports that an organized party in the United States to the efforts of an organized party, pledged to bring about a hopeless cessation.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 19.—The sales of Cotton for the week have been 72,000 bales, including 22,000 bales to speculators and 2,000 to exporters. There has been an improvement of 14, in middling qualities.

The quotations are—Middling Orleans, 95-16, de Mobile, 96, up 1d.

Breadstuffs.—The circulars are conflicting in their reports of the market. The Brokers' Circular reports four fir and half better; wheat quiet, and red flour 1d. better; corn steady.

Richardson, Spence & Brothers, on the contrary, report a declining tendency for wheat, which in some cases was 2d. lower.

Asbes.—Tallow has declined 2d. Sales of Asbes—Pot Ashes are steady, at 4d. 9d. 1d. 6d. Pearls steady, at 12d. 4d.

PRODUCE.—Sugar steady; Coffee dull; Rice steady, at the Columbia Southern Light, learns, through a highly respectable source, that two gentlemen of that city who planted and fed the Sorgo cane to stock, regard it as dangerous food, and resolved to abandon its cultivation.

THE SORGHO CANE DANGEROUS FOOD.—The Columbia Southern Light, learns, through a highly respectable source, that two gentlemen of that city who planted and fed the Sorgo cane to stock, regard it as dangerous food, and resolved to abandon its cultivation.

Very Calculating.—One of the Central American passengers arrived with very closely trimmed hair, which he stated had been clipped off himself before the vessel went down, to save being grappled by the drowning crew.

THIRIVING SOUTHERN STATES.—In Georgia, the value of manufactured cotton increased from \$30,392, in 1840, to \$140, to \$1,131,000. In 1850; in Alabama, the increase in the same period, was from \$17,574 to \$32,200.

Ir is reported that, in consequence of the returns brought about by the Vigilance Committee in Francisco, that city has been governed during the past year at an expense of only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, against an expenditure the previous year of over one million five hundred thousand dollars—six times as much as it now costs.

IT APPEARS that, on the lines of the United States, the number of telegraphic messages transmitted in 1857, exceeded eleven millions, on which the tolls must have been twenty millions dollars.

THE TIP TOP AND SUMMIT HOUSES, on Mount Washington, have been attached by a sheriff, one of the half dozen claimants to that acre of rocks having taken legal steps to secure possession.

THE COUNCIL GENERAL of the Department of Gironde, France, have passed resolutions in favor of free trade. Only two out of eighty-six departments have declared themselves favorable to this policy.

WILLIAM L. CORY, a benevolent old gentleman, of Huron, Michigan, recently bought a pretty little blue-eyed child from her drunken parents, for \$3,000.

A CONVENTION in favor of a dissolution of the Union has been formally called to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th and 29th of October, and the call is signed by 6,003 persons of whom 4,200 are legal voters. Of the latter, 1,187 reside in Ohio, 915 in Massachusetts, 500 in New York, 351 in Indiana, 315 in Michigan, 215 in Pennsylvania and 136 in Iowa.

OUR ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.—The London Times lately estimated that the United Stocks held in England, were to the extent of eighty to one hundred millions of pounds sterling, that is from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000. This is an error; for, according to the United States Treasury Report for 1856, the total amount of American stocks held by foreigners, so far as the returns were received, amounted to \$20,000,000.

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A NAWINE.—We have had the pleasure of tasting a (to us) new wine, made from the juice of the tomato. We consider ourselves a good judge of wine, and pronounce this a first-rate article. It is made with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato, sugar and vinegar which resembles champagne, a slight fermentation coloring it a pleasant, pebbled flavor. We believe it can be made equal to the best champagnes.—*East Texasian*.

WORTH KNOWING.—Attala Burlingame, a farmer of Cortland, N. Y., says that wheat can be prevented from falling in bins, if one dry brick is put in with it for every five bushels.

DR. J. WARREN, of Boston, writes in the Medical Journal, in favor of the use of cocao oil as a substitute for cod liver oil—a certain agreeable exchange for the patient.

THE SUBMARINE telegraph cable connecting Europe and Africa, was successfully laid on the 9th inst., between Bona and Cape Tenedja, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. It was submerged more than two miles deep a part of the distance.

THE GAZETTE officially announces the elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the title of Baron Macaulay, and Lord Robert Grosvenor to the title of Baron Elbury.

DULL TIMES.—The Providence Journal says that another week has passed without a single sale of printing cloth in that market.

THE WATER IN Lake Michigan is now higher than it has been for several years, this being the seven years' high tide, as it is called by the sailors.

AMONG THE MORMONS, boys of ten and twelve years of age are enrolled in military bands, called the "Hope of Israel."

REMOVING THE SIGN.—It is an invariable custom in Boston for a man of business who fails, to remove his sign from his door. We perceive that this practice has been followed in this city by an eminent and most respectable Boston firm, which has unfortunately suspended payments this week.

Many years ago, one Moses Poor, failed in Boston, and did not pay his debts to the amount of \$8,880.00. These notes and acceptances were signed by Mr. Poor, but not entered upon any of the books of the Society, and were so arranged, that until within a few days, no suspicion of their existence occurred to any person connected with the Institution. No part of the funds appear to have been abstracted, and have any part of the contributions to his benevolent objects been lost or misspent. All the obligations of the Society, which have been legitimately incurred, have been, and will be, promptly met.

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## NEWS ITEMS.

SUGAR.—The Newburyport Herald states that a cargo of very fine sugar is stored upon Johnson's wharf, it that city, for which a firm in Boston paid 12½ cents per pound; now it will not bring 9 cents. The depreciation, storage, shinkage, &c., will occasion a loss of forty dollars on a hoghead.

TWO DROVERS, of Lincoln, Me., gathered a herd of one hundred and nineteen cattle, and started with them for Brighton. Near Bangor, they placed them in a pasture for the night. The next morning sixty head were missing. Search being made, it was found that a portion of the herd had passed two toll-bridges, and arrived at Mattawamkeag, a distance of seventy miles, the next night after leaving Bangor. The remainder of the sixty were found in the woods about two miles from the pasture from which they escaped.

THE POTATO ROT, which seems to have spread its foot East and North of us, has but slightly affected the crop south and West. In Western Pennsylvania, and throughout Ohio, the crop is large and sound. In West Virginia the crop is also good.—*Montgomery Telegraph*.

WHERE IT WENT.—The London Times does May, June, July and August, to have been the hottest months ever experienced in England. If we did not get our average summer heat this side of the globe, it was because the other side robbed us of it, and got more than its fair share.

NET SALT-VEAL.—A new kind of salted veal is announced. It is an elbow pipe, fixed below the water level of the boiler, and subject to the action of the fire. The pipe is perforated with holes containing metal plugs, more or less fastened, according to the working of the pressure of the water, and leaves the water in the boiler, from neglect or otherwise, is below the level and leaves the pipe, which melt, and the steam coming through the holes, immediately relieves the pressure in the boiler and extinguishes the fire, making explosion impossible.

THE Lexington (Mo.) Express announces the arrival of Captain Russell from Salt Lake, who states that the Mormons had fortified Fort Bridger, with the declared intention of defending it against the United States troops.

THE AMOUNT of species in the United States is estimated at about \$300,000,000, or equal to \$12 for every man, woman and child in the country.

PORK IN INDIANA.—In Gibson county, Indiana, last week, 2,000 hogs were contracted for at \$6 nett.

ABUNDANCE AT THE WEST.—The Chicago (Ill.) Press, says that their grain, hay and potatoes are all abundant, and secured. It also says—"A large store of choice butter will be added to the dairy products of the summer, which were never equal in quality or quantity. All kinds of roots and garden vegetables turn out well. We never saw so great an abundance of raw cabbages, and there are onions, beets, turnips, etc., to match. And to these follows the addition of all sorts of fruits in profusion.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE, THAT,

ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER  
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

They will commence the reading public a new source

of amusement and instruction, and to give a new and independent vehicle of thought.

Answers to all sorts of practical questions of

## Wit and Humor.

## A JACK AT ALL TRADES.

A druggist in New York advertised for a clerk; and, among other applicants, was a tall, awkward-looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years of age, coarsely dressed, without stockings, and with a skin as rough as that of a rhinoceros. After staring awhile at the splendid bottles and other things that attracted his notice, he broke out: "Are you the druggist of this establishment?" "I am the druggist," replied the owner. "Well, I thought so as soon as I came in," said the fellow. "I know a thing or two, for all I look so. I've been readin' in the news-papers about how you are in want of a clerk, and thinks I, as soon as I cast my eyes on it, now that place will suit me to a hair; and so I've come right away up here to make a bargain." "Have you been bred to the business?" inquired the druggist. "I can't say I have, exactly," replied the lout, "but I have been bred to farmin', and I have a brother that can chop wood like a horse which I s'pose will answer all the same." "But," said the druggist, "I should like to get a man that understands something of the business." "Why, for that matter," returned the fellow, "I could soon learn—I'm a purty ingenuis fellow about anything I undertake. Why, it's only last winter I made a whole new pig-trough out of my head. What do you think of that sir?" "I suppose you found the stuff already fitted to your hands. But I imagine it is easier for you to make a pig-trough than to be a druggist." "Try me, then, and see," said the persevering applicant; "you don't know till you try. Now what'll you wager I can't tell what's in that 'ere round bout there in the wider?" "I'm not in the habit of betting," said the druggist; "but I doubt very much whether you can tell." "You won't bet, ha?" replied the fellow; "then I'll tell you without. That stuff looks as blue in that 'ere bottle is hydrostatic-muriatic-problematic generic acid. I larnt that of the doctor in our town. Don't you think, now, sir, I'm a purty ingenuis scholar?" "I must say you have given a very fair specimen," replied the owner of the shop; "but as it takes some years to learn the druggist's business, I think you had better engage in something which you can understand more readily." "You think I had, ha?" said the fellow, with a mortified look. He then stood musing for awhile, and drumming on the counter; when all of a sudden, seeming to have caught a new idea, he burst out, "By jingo, mister, I b'lieve you're right; and now I think on't, I'll go this minute and see if I can git a place in a livery stable."

## HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.

I was down to see the widow yesterday, said Tim's uncle, and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted, and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt rather comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was a going to court her. Presently—I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I had placed it there in my blankest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked then, with my eyes pour love, truth, and fidelity, right into hers:

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in all my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and so the time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told that to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you mustn't; but I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.

A READY WITNESS.—During the course of a trial at the recent assizes, says the Durham Advertiser, a learned counsel handed up a document to a witness—a quiet going north countryman, under cross-examination—which the latter appeared to peruse with great attention. After he had finished, and the paper had been handed back to the learned gentleman, the following colloquy ensued:

Counsel—"Have you read that document?"

Witness—"Yes."

Counsel—"Have you ever seen it before?"

Witness—"Yes, I think I have."

Counsel (evidently thinking the moment had arrived to crush his victim)—"Now, sir, on your oath, tell me when you *last* saw that paper."

Witness—"Why, I should think it cannot be much more than half a minute since!"

The cool and ready way in which the witness gave the answer, set the court in a perfect roar of laughter, in which the judge heartily joined.

A CAUTION TO FARMERS' BOYS.—A Yankee lad whose father was a farmer, went into the barnyard to play, a short time ago, and being detained a prisoner by a thunder storm, he fell asleep on a bag of guano. The old gentleman, when the storm was over, went into the barnyard to look after his son, and met a giant eight feet high, coming out of the barn. "Halo! who are you?" he cried, "what are you doing here?" "My father," squeaked the Go'lah, "it's me; don't you know Tommy?" "You!" the astonished parent exclaimed, "why Tommy, how on earth did he get stretched out so long in so short a time?" "Why, father," replied the boy, looking down upon the gaping old man, "I slept on those bags of guano as you put in the barn, and that the lightning together has done the business."

## RIPE PEACHES.

## A PARODY ON OLD IRONSIDES.

BY A SCHOOLBOY.

Aye! pull the rose peaches down!  
Long have they hung on high,  
And many a boy has watched their growth,  
And heaved a longing sigh.  
Beneath them rung the train's shout,  
When burst the battle's war;  
Their rosy cheeks and plump round sides  
Shall hang on high no more.

Their sides once green in springtime gay,  
When farmers see do sow,  
When winds were harrying overhead,  
And blossoms white below,  
No more shall feel the east northwest,  
With voice so pure and free;  
The fruits of the school shall pluck  
The peaches from the tree.

Oh! better that their ripened'd be.  
Should be made into pie;  
Their juices cause the mouth to weep,  
And there they all should lie;  
Open your mouths, ye hungry crew,  
Out every freesoar test,  
And give unto the appetite  
Their pulpy richness rare.

WORLD KEEF UP.—A livery stable keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turn-out to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look shore, old feller," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!" Spurr instantly retired to a stall and swooned among the straw.

## Agricultural.

## GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

The attention of all our readers, who desire to participate in the pleasures and profits of vineyard culture in the South, is called to the excellent treatise of A. DeCardeus, Esq., the present number. Like many others we heretofore have been deterred from entering largely into the culture of the vine, by fear of the expense and difficulty attending it. We have been taught to look upon the production of good wine in the South, as exceedingly problematical. No one doubted the capacity of our sunny clime for the growth of the grape; but—the making of good wine afterwards—there lay the difficulty! Well, that difficulty has vanished—the mystery is solved—granite laboratories\* and deep cellars are perhaps, well enough in their way, but by no means indispensable; and hereafter, any man may plant his vineyard with the same certainty of being able to make a largely paying crop of good wine, that he would feel of making bread from his corn or wheat field.

We have recently made two visits to the vineyards of Dr. McDonald, and our correspondent, Mr. DeCardeus. We have inquired minutely into their systems of planting and culture—we have examined their soils, locations and aspects—have eaten their grapes, and drank their wines of various flavors and qualities—but all *pure*, invigorating, and vastly superior to the foreign trash for which we pay so dearly. We have, (so far as our brief time would permit,) familiarized ourselves with their processes for making these wines, and with all the advantages and disadvantages of the business; and the result is, a deliberate conviction that the *field culture of the grape*, as practiced by these gentlemen, is one of the *surest and most remunerative branches of rural industry*, and destined in a very few years to become of great importance to the South. There are thousands of acres of uplands all around us, too poor for either cotton or corn, that will pay from \$200 to \$500 per acre in wine, the third or fourth year from planting, and which, if properly managed, may be made to clear expenses from the very outset. Much of this land can be purchased for a mere trifle, (five to ten dollars per acre,) and if it will pay even two hundred dollars per acre in wine, after the third year, what other field crop now cultivated in the South can begin to compare with it? The experience of the winters in Ohio, shows an average yield of four hundred gallons to the acre, and that we can safely count on equaling this, need not be doubted.

In fact, the testimony of both the gentlemen above alluded to, (who have had sixteen years experience,) as well as the recent successes of Mr. Axt, and many others justifies us in claiming for the Culture of the grape far more attention than it has ever yet received in the South, and of earnestly urging it upon the notice of our subscribers.

We can fully endorse, from our own knowledge, all the statements of Mr. DeCardeus; and commend his article to the special attention of our readers. We do not claim perfection for his system, nor does Mr. C. himself—but we do contend that it is the cheapest, easiest, and surest way of profitably cultivating the vine, yet offered to the public.

GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

EDITORS SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—Agreeably to your request, I now hand you a few remarks about our method of planting out and taking care of a vineyard. I say, "our method," for I claim it as peculiar to Dr. McDonald and myself; and we have adopted it, not through ignorance of more complicated and more costly methods, but, first, on account of its *simplicity and cheapness*, and then, having well succeeded, why should we alter our course? I do not pretend to say it is *the best*, nor do I wish to deter any so disposed to go to the expense of trenching their lands three feet in depth; but there are very many farmers who have not the means to incur such expenses, who wish to plant out an acre or two of vines, but are literally frightened out of it, not only by the mystery and difficulties which have, heretofore, been connected with the business, but, also, by fear of the money which is to come out of their pockets before they receive any returns. First, so many hundred dollars for trenching, grubbing, and manuring; then



## AN IRRESISTIBLE ARGUMENT.

FOOTMAN.—"Get away, boy—get away, boy!"

Boy.—"Shant! and if yer don't let me ride, I'll send this 'ere mud over yer calves!"

as many more for vines; then so many more to learn how to stick the cuttings into the ground; and then so many more to learn how to prune; then to learn how to make the wine, how to keep it, &c.; and to crown it all, so many thousands for a cellar. And, if it so happens, he is able and willing to stand all this, a hundred to one, he is frightened half out of his senses, and gives up in despair of ever being able to unravel the mystery, and master the awful science of wine making, especially if he happens to hear of granite laboratories\* being built for the express purpose of imparting instruction for a remuneration!

## PREPARATION OF THE LAND.

I prefer now land—such as would bring from four to six bushels of corn to the acre; select, if possible, a piece on easterly, south-easterly exposure, and on a hill side, if you have such; if you have not, level land will do, provided it is not too retentive of moisture. Sandy soil is the best, although dry clay hill sides will answer very well. Clear the land and break it up with ploughs, as for corn; but all trees must, of course, be cut down and removed. Now get a parcel of small stakes, from three to four feet long, and proceed to mark out the rows; if the land be level let the rows be straight; but if on a hill side, lay them off horizontally, or level without regard to straightness; this is in order to prevent the washing away of the soil, (see one of the late numbers of the *Cultivator* for a simple levelling instrument.) I make my rows eight or nine feet apart. I prefer that distance on account of driving carts between to haul stakes, or manure, when it becomes necessary, or in vintage time. Having staked off the rows to your satisfaction, proceed to open the trenches or ditches; let them be about two feet wide, and from fourteen inches deep, large ploughs followed by long shovels, will very quickly do the work in sandy soil. The next thing to plant; this can be done, in our Southern climate, from the middle of November to the end of March. I prefer rooted plants; others give the preference to cuttings; the first will save you one year, and you can plant them deeper, which is a great object. Make yourself a wooden compass, with an opening of four feet six inches at the points, and mark out the distance for your vines in their places, and proceed to plant them. Two men, with short-handled hoes, will plant a great many in a day; one deepens the hole to let the roots go some inches deeper than the bottom of the ditch; the other places the vine upright and holds it until the first has put earth around it. If you have other hands let them follow with hoes and refill the trench, so that the top of the vine will be about on a level with the surface. Put a short stake to each vine, to mark its place. There is nothing more to do until the spring grass will call your ploughs and hoes into use; then work them as you would corn or cotton. You may plant two rows of corn or beans between the rows, and they will not interfere with the vines in the least.

## FIRST PRUNING.

In the winter, at any time between the 1st of December and the 15th of March, take a sharp knife, remove every branch except one, and cut that down above the second or third eye of the last growth; break the land with a half-shovel plough as for corn, passing the nearest fence about twelve inches from the vines. Give them a stake about four feet long: they will, in the spring, shoot out many suckers, and put out eyes where they have no business; cut out the suckers with a long handled chisel, and rub off all the eyes excepting the two or three you left pruning; these, as they grow up, should be fastened to the stakes; with bits of soft string, bark, or anything else you may have at hand. Keep the land cultivated with plough and hoe, and plant peas between the vines.

## SECOND PRUNING.

The second winter's pruning is a repetition of the first, but you must replace the small stakes by good lasting wood, six from eight to twelve inches long. There will be some fruit. The summer's work is the same as above.

## THIRD PRUNING.

The third winter's pruning is different; remove all branches or canes, save the two strongest; of these, cut the highest about eighteen inches long and the other about three inches—the longest is intended for fruit; the latter, which is called "spur," is to make wood for next year. Towards spring, bend this long branch horizontally, and fasten the end of it strongly to a short stake, placed at a sufficient distance. In the West this cane is made to form a complete circle by fastening the end of it to the ground, and the top to a post, and the cane is then bent over, so as to form a circle. This is to be done when the vines are about two years old, and the cane will bear fruit the following year. The fruit will be larger and more abundant than the first year's.

comes out, the mass in the vat is then carried to the press and what liquid remains in it is squeezed out; this is usually very thick, and is put into another barrel, as it is of inferior quality. Be sure that your barrels are filled to within three inches of the bung; less than that would leave too much air in contact with the wine, and would cause it to sour; more than that would cause it to overflow in the fermentation which for a few days will be very brisk; when this has subsided, fill the barrels to one inch of the bung, with wine prepared for that purpose, and close the bungs tightly. Be very careful that the barrels, tubs, vats, etc., be all perfectly clean and sweet, as the slightest degree of uncleanness would be fatal to the wine.

There now remains nothing to do until the next winter, when the wine is drawn into other barrels in order to clarify it. The dark Claret is allowed to ferment on the skins for four or five days, in order to extract all the color; it is then treated as the others.

Another item, believed by many to be positively indispensable, and the cost of which is very considerable is a *cellar*. Till now our wine cellars have been but very slight board houses on the surface, and we have lost no wine from acidity, except where we could trace it to leakage, or some other cause. And in order still more to cheapen and simplify the business, and remove all mystery from it, I have taught my negro to go through the entire process, from the planting and pruning to the bottling of the wine. They are fully as intelligent as the peasants of Europe, and much more to be depended upon. Here we have another decided advantage over the Western folks, who are dependent upon the caprices of foreign laborers, and many are the airs they put on when they come to this country!

By following the above directions, which I have endeavored to give in such a manner as to be within the understanding of all, and making use of a little judgment in modifying them according to circumstances, the most inexperienced farmer can set himself up a vineyard, and skill will come with experience. I wish to see as many as possible engage in the business, as the more we are the better it will be for all, and centuries will elapse before it ceases to pay. We hope, ere long, to see a Southern Society of Wine Growers, with its centre at Augusta, offering to the world pure and luscious wines, of all hues and of all flavors.

I should state that Dr. McDonald's mode of planting vines is more simple than mine. He makes no ditches, but only holes, about sixteen inches in diameter and eighteen deep, and plants the cuttings in these. His vines are remarkably fine, as all who see them can testify. Ditches require more labor at first, but then there is the advantage of having that part of your land broken which the plough cannot afterwards reach.

A. C.

Woodward, S. C., Sept., 1857.

## LIGHT AND HEAVY WEIGHTS.

The following remarks by Harry Hie over, in the *London Field*, apply of course as well to carriages behind as to riders upon horses—

I have often seen (and no doubt many others have seen) two men "setting" or riding at each other, and sometimes trying the speed of their respective horses, and thus totally regardless of their respective weights. This I have seen done with horses both apparently equal to about the same weight, yet one carrying eleven, the other thirteen stone.\* Nothing can be more absurd. If men want to race, race properly in a proper place, and with proper weights. If they want steeple-racing, there are plenty of places where they may show off, or show in, as the case may be; but I am good sportsman enough to eschew both with hounds.

The Catawba seemed to have usurped the most prominent place among the natives. At the West it is by far the greatest favorite; perhaps, there are others do not succeed as well. At the South, most persons are following in the wake of our Western brethren, and have taken it for granted that none others are worth culturing, and condemn without a trial, or even without knowing them. The Catawba is certainly a beautiful looking grape, and a great bearer; but it is hoisted and wild musky flavor, (which is unfortunately too strongly retained in the wine,) is a very serious objection for a palate accustomed to a more delicate fruit or beverage. The "boquet," or perfume, of wine is a precious quality, but this has "too much of the good thing."

Foreign grapes must be discarded for wine making. After a fair trial, we, like many others, have come to the conclusion that they cannot stand our climate.

All the natives that have come within my reach, I give a decided preference to the Warren and the Isabella, both great bearers, but, like the Catawba, subject to the rot. The former makes a delicate wine of the color of Madeira, but not so strong; the latter, a light, beautiful colored Claret, very similar to Bourdeaux wines. I, also, like what we here call the Burgundy and Black July, (both misnamed,) the first being the best table grape we have in this country, and making a delightful Madeira colored wine; the Black July makes a very dark, rich, red wine, not unlike Port. These two wines are not great bearers, but if he rides unthinkingly, he will find his horse thinks a good deal about it, or at least feels its effects. There can be but two causes for a light weight bringing his horse to a stand, or near it; he must either own a bad horse, or have ridden him unfairly. Let all young riders recollect the old truism, "Tis the pace that kills." Horses will do a great deal under heavy weight where the pace is a reasonable one; but the best animals—aye, Bonny herself, with "a feather" on her—is to be beat, only make the pace fast enough.

\* A stone is fourteen pounds.

The RULING PASSION.—A startling and somewhat ludicrous instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" was that of the aged maiden lady, who being told, during her last sickness, that she could not recover, remained silent a moment, under the dread and unexpected intelligence, and then exclaimed, "Oh, what will become of my poor cats!"

## The Riddler.

## PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 12, 23, 7, 28, 31, 4, 36, 43, is a kind of motion caused by the continued operation of two forces.